JOHN BULL, MARCH 30, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1763.

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HOW STRONG IS RUSSIA?
STALIN WAS GRATEFUL FOR PEACE
HITLER'S NET FOR STALIN
CAN RUSSIA AID GERMANY?
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Discount for dozen lots.

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There are many styles from which to choose, the most popular being:—

1. Centre busk, back lacing and underbelt as illustrated.
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SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL OFFER to D. & J. Mill, Ltd. (Dept. B.17), 245, Oxford St., London, W.1. (Over Oxford Circus Tube station.) (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.) Supplied under National Health Benefit

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Here is an unbeatable offer
12 Glorious BUSH ROSES for 5/- carr. paid.
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All Roses labelled and carefully packed. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

ROSE GROWERS (Dept. J.B.2), Dry Drayton, CAMBRIDGE.

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FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

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Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 3/3 P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to:

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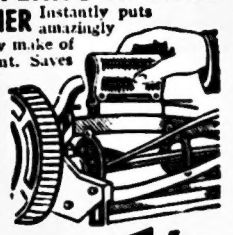
Instantly puts amazingly sharp cutting edge on any make of mower, however old or blunt. Saves its cost many times over each time used. No skill needed—a few rubs and job's done. Also sharpens shears, tools, knives, scissors, etc. Will last indefinitely. With easy directions.



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'Vulcan' 4-Valve Battery 2-Waveband Superhet gives full range of reception from Short, Medium, & Long wave stations. Powerful, highly selective. Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, & Aerial Equipment Nothing else to buy. Price £7.18.6 or 10/6 monthly. No extra for Easy Terms

We offer exchange price for old sets

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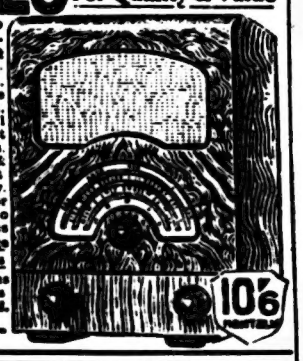

Restore the beauty of your RED TILES with

That deep rich red colour which is the charm of Red Tile and Composition Floors can be maintained by using Cardinal Polish. Also excellent for Brick and Cement Paths, Front Steps, etc. Will Not Wash Off In The Rain. Also in White, Cream, Green, Buff, Transparent, etc. Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH
LARGE TINS, 6P & 1/-

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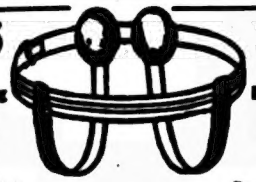
12/6 SINGLE Ex. Strong 16/6 In Silk Elastic 20/-



18/- DOUBLE Ex. Strong 25/- In Silk Elastic 30/-

Postage 4d. Postage 4d.

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic body band fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once, stating size round body and whether left, right, or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. *Supplied through Approved Societies.*

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FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: *"Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made."* If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit write to-day for the Famous Treatise, *"Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,"* which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day

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WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT

6/6 POST FREE

Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and younger. Prevents Chills and liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning.

NOTE: We service the belt FREE of CHARGE after six months' wear.

'VERGAS' ANTI-VERMIN ANTI-GAS JOCKSTRAP

Gives protection from Active Service dangers, such as Vermin, Damp, and Gas. Antiseptic Oiled-Silk Pouch. Broad elastic Belt ensures perfect support and comfort. State small, medium, or large waist. 3/6 POST FREE.

Made of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic. Send NOW, stating waist measurement to:

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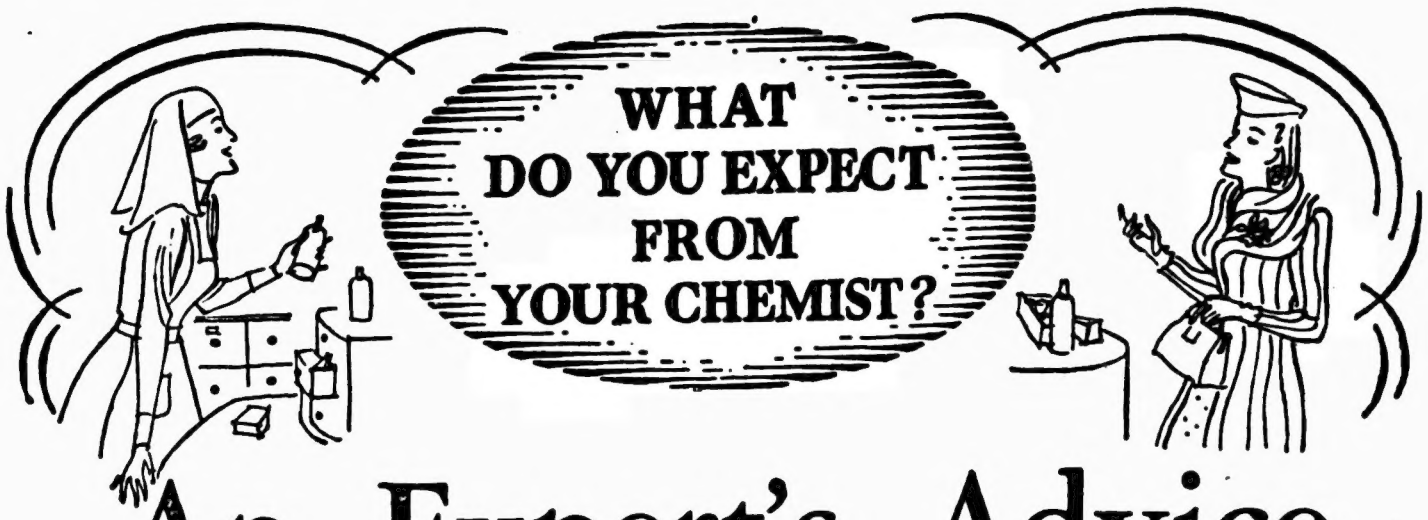


An Expert's Advice on Surgical Sundries

THE Surgical Sundries Department in *any* Boots' Branch is an important one, dealing as it does with such varied and essential articles as surgical dressings, appliances, first aid and sick room requisites, elastic hosiery, etc., in fact "anything from a bandage to a bathchair."

Some years ago, Boots realized that, in their larger branches, the Surgical Department was growing to such an extent that some special arrangements were necessary to ensure the complete service that is Boots' aim in all sections of their business.

The decision was then unhesitatingly taken that the control of every one of these Surgical Departments should be given to a fully qualified Nurse.

The uniform these nurses wear is not just a costume appropriate to their surroundings, it is the outward symbol of their qualified, professional status and therefore their competence to be in charge of one of Boots' most important departments.

In the larger Boots branches a fully qualified Nurse is always in attendance. There are more than 130 such Nurses altogether

...you can always rely on

The Boots Chemists

Busiest Week of the War

BUSIEST week since war's outbreak has kept statesmen and high officials working throughout the night.

"Total war" is now nearer than ever before.

M. Reynaud's new Cabinet is already pressing Downing Street for an immediate speed-up of hostilities. Powerful influences in Britain are making the same demand—and not in vain.

Greatly strengthened by the inclusion of dynamic Socialist leaders, the French Government has made clear its determination that the Allies shall at last take the initiative.

Call to Arms

Back-benchers in the House of Commons, notably Mr. Law and Mr. Macmillan, have been as insistent.

Though Conservatives, their criticism of the Prime Minister has been so damaging that the Government would face a serious situation unless it agreed to the French demand.

More criticism is coming of job-wangling in State Departments. The recent big storm, predicted by "John Bull" a month ago, discharged only half its thunderbolts, and is blowing up afresh.

* * *

Only minor changes will be made in the British Government, however; none in the War Cabinet.

But an entirely different policy is being hammered out, and it's only fair to say that there are no important differences of opinion between Paris and London.

Anxious Adolf

In any case, a more active policy has been precipitated by Hitler's meeting with Mussolini.

Since that time, the Fuehrer has been in almost unbroken conference with his military and political advisers. The Balkans and Belgium have been kept on tiptoe.

He has been in conference because his meeting with the Duce was far from being the success his propagandists allege.

Duce's Sidestep

Il Duce, always a skilful diplomat, seemed to agree with the Fuehrer. But it was clear that he would not be dragged into war.

Nor would he father the ill-conceived "Peace Plan."

Hitler had expected the infant to be stillborn, as we told you last week. That is why he ordered a new economic campaign in the Balkans before leaving for the Brenner.

But he had not expected the Rome radio to be so contemptuous directly he left his host's country.

The Rome announcer said dryly, "The question which arises is—which of the belligerent parties has the most urgent desire for peace?"

He has gone to bed late — risen early. His day's work is never done

Little Sir Echo

Immediately reported to the Fuehrer, it sounded very much like Churchill's broadcast last autumn: "It was for Hitler to say when the war would begin, but it is not for him or his successors to say when it will end."

The Rome radio is officially controlled. Its message went round the world. No one doubted who wanted peace more urgently. No one doubted that Hitler would sell his soul to wriggle out of the consequences of his own criminal folly.

Face-Savers

Hitler himself ordered instant measures to save his fanatically proud face.

German wireless retorted that no peace offer had been made. It affirmed that his offer of October 6, 1939, had been his last.

That "offer" had been, in the main, only a demand for the return of colonies and an admission that real prosperity depends on absolutely guaranteed peace "and a feeling of security among all peoples."

Goebbels followed up the radio denial by telling neutral journalists that a Berlin-Rome-Moscow Pact had been signed and the face of Europe would be changed over the week-end; the R.A.F. changed the face of Sylt.

Picture Puzzle

That was the background in which Hitler moved during the week-end. In the foreground were Ribbentrop, Goering and Army chiefs, constantly called into consultation.

"When?" was the problem to which they all had different answers.

The Army commanders advocated that a "total war" should be launched at once.

General Reichenau, back from a special survey of the Front ordered by Hitler himself, reported that the Maginot Line could be breached with the loss of 700,000 or a million men.

Goering Says "No"

Von Keitel urged the oft-postponed invasion of Holland in order to "turn" the Maginot Line.

Ribbentrop argued in favour of an aerial war on Britain. Goering, it is believed, flatly refused, lest the Nazi air force should be needed to give all its strength to support an army campaign against the Low Countries or the Maginot Line.

Hitler, hoping against hope, thought it might be better to wait until Mr. Welles had reported to President Roosevelt, who might propound a peace plan that the Allies could scarcely afford to ignore.

Standing By

The British Cabinet, kept aware of these conferences, were on the alert.

Hitler's habit of changing his mind on the spur of the moment made it essential that every possible move he might make could be instantly countered.

Neutral neighbours of Germany, knowing that the peace plan was dead, also stood by.

Gangster "Protection"

Nowhere were the terms received with greater derision than in Slovakia. Hitler proposed to Mussolini that Czechs, Slovaks and Hungarians should form a corporate State allied with Germany.

The Slovaks already know what it means to be "allied" with the Nazis.

They have to feed 500,000 German soldiers stationed in their country—and feed them better than their own troops.

Maori troops are now in training; will be despatched to the Near East.

* * *

GERMAN THREAT: "INEXORABLE AIR WAR"
—Official German Wireless

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER SEE PAGE 29.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 30, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

Their horses, cars and even next year's harvest are commandeered for Nazi use. Their Government is forced to make purchases abroad, pay for them in foreign currency, and resell them to the Reich at a loss.

Bled Dry

Czechs see their textile industry crippled for want of raw materials. If they buy rubber boots at Bata's, they must provide an equal weight of old rubber tyres.

Finn soldiers are still dying from exposure. Five thousand wounded have to be evacuated from hospitals in the new Russian areas, roads are so congested with refugees that the ambulances are delayed and men left in the open.

* * *

Bricks cannot be baked for want of coal. All timber is exported to Germany. Food is confiscated.

Only 5 per cent. of the potato crop can be used for food. The rest has to go to the factories—to make spirit so badly needed by Germany.

Peal of Woe

All that is proof of German inability to continue a "passive war."

On the very day that the preposterous "peace proposals" were published, Nazis decreed that all church bells in Germany should be handed over to the State to "create the metal reserves necessary for a long war."

A total war which cannot be delayed much longer.

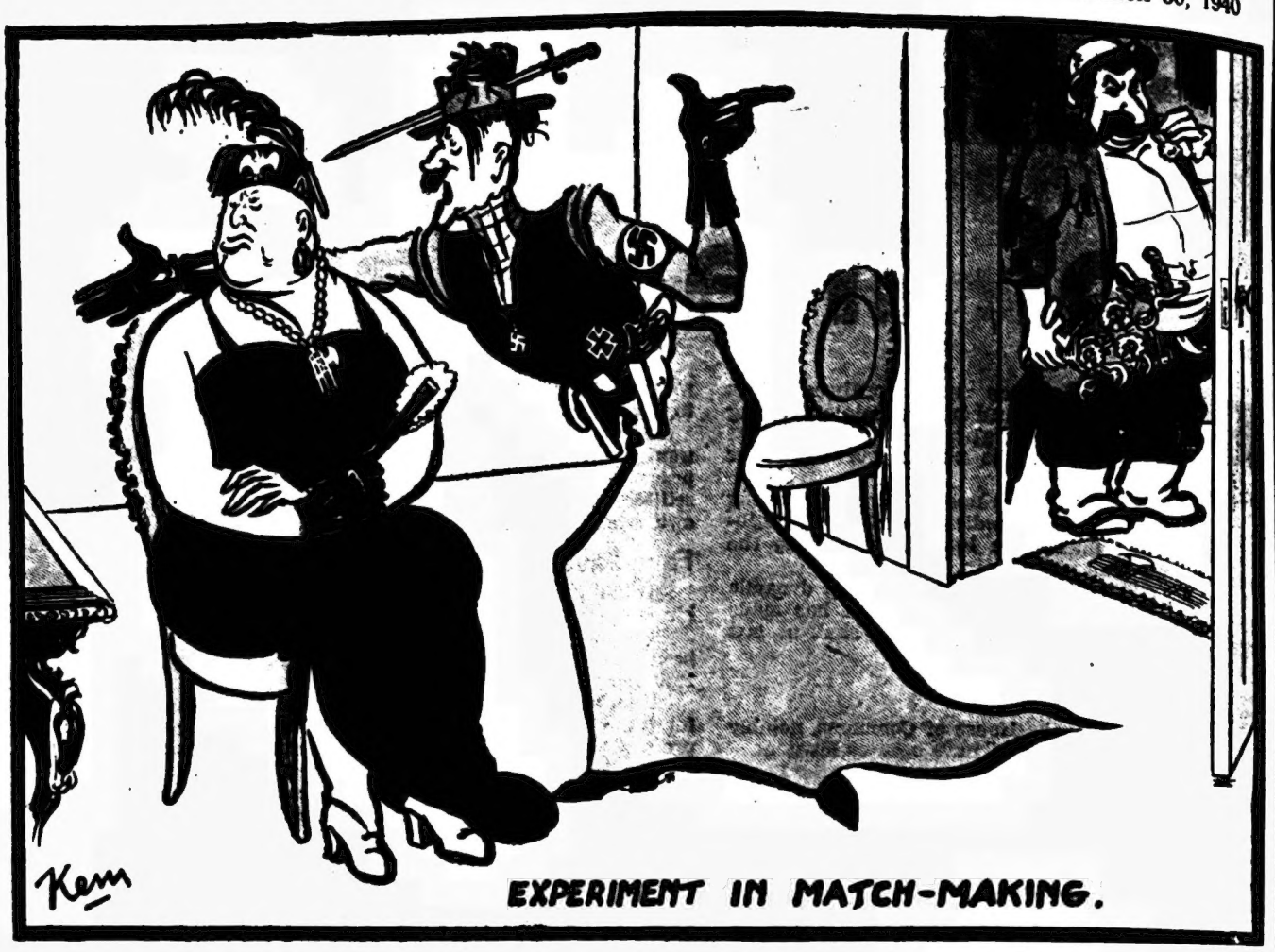
Ready, Steady—

Unless some sensational new factor emerges, it is therefore almost certain that the expected March offensive will be launched in April.

And the strongest probability is that it will consist of two simultaneous campaigns: a thrust through Holland and Belgium and heavy aerial attacks on British ports.

We can take it; we shall return it.

(Continued on page 6)



★ Family Allowances Coming
★ Harvest for Profiteers
★ Go-Slow Army Call-Up
★ Nazis' Empty Larder

Continued from preceding page

Humanity Wins

Much more than appears on the surface lies behind the new Government grants for injured workmen.

Sir John Anderson announces that the wife of a totally disabled man will get 5s. a week, with 3s. a week for each child under fifteen. There will be reduced scales for families of partially disabled men.

For the first time, the principle of family allowances is admitted—with no Means Test.

Not a Stop-Gap

The scheme, soon to be rushed into law, is not just a stop-gap until the Royal Commission on Workmen's Compensation finishes its report.

It is also a "try-out" in preparation for a system of family allowances for every worker.

The Treasury wants to see what snags are likely to arise.

Real Social Reform

As we told you when exclusively revealing the Cabinet's agreement that wage rises must be allowed in certain industries and food prices kept down by State subsidies, family allowances for all will also be granted before the war ends.

That social reform, among the biggest in our history, has now reached the stage of detailed plans.

Whether they need amendment will depend on how the workmen's compensation scheme works out in practice.

Snag Overcome

One of the biggest snags in that smaller scheme has already been overcome. Will it discourage employers from giving jobs to men with large families?

With that question in mind, the Government approached the employers,

> **Shadow of inflation sweeps across Germany. New paper money is being printed at rate of £1,000,000 a day, but its gold backing is less than a ¼d. in the £.**
>
> ✲ ✲ ✲

who feared that industry couldn't bear the extra cost.

Officialdom politely but firmly insisted that the scheme must go through, argued that the extra cost would not be more than 25 per cent., and won its point.

Assurance has been given that there will be no discrimination against men with families.

Government Check

No foodstuffs may now be imported without Government licence. Importers must cancel any foreign orders until an import licence is obtained.

Intention is to restrict imports of luxury goods, money for which would be better spent on necessities.

Need More Power

The anti-profiteering machinery needs oiling. Several of the regional prices committees are asking the Government for increased powers.

One weakness is that unless consumers report profiteering, no action can be taken.

Canned Goods Exploited

There is profiteering on foodstuffs despite the maximum prices arranged by the Ministry of Food.

With its many scales of prices for varying cuts, bacon lends itself easily to sharp practice.

Tinned goods are also being exploited.

Victimising Needy

Big increases are being made in gas and electricity prices. **Government Departments seem to approve them automatically, without giving consumers any chance to state objections.**

Local fuel overseers allow coal merchants to charge up to a shilling for 28 pounds, which means that poor folk who cannot buy in large quantities are paying at the rate of 4s. a hundredweight.

Inflated Prices

Clothing prices are inflated.

Trade authorities say that 9d. a pound margin on yarn suitable for men's clothing would allow a reasonable profit. But the present profit is 2s. 9½d. a pound.

While the prices of wool and tops are adjusted by the Wool Control, those of yarns and cloth are not!

Beyond Their Reach

So anti-profiteering Act is easily evaded.

Supposing a retailer sells a suit for £5. The consumer thinks it is not worth the price, complains to the local anti-profiteering committee.

The committee tots up the costs and

> **Disappointed at failure of the illegitimate baby campaign, Herr Hess tells all girls of the Hitler Maidens' Movement that they should have at least one war baby each, whether married or not.**
>
> ✲ ✲ ✲

finds that the retailer is selling as cheaply as can be expected.

Real profiteering is hidden beyond the committee's powers.

A Wordy Battle

Margate's mayor and council challenge Whitehall to wordy combat.

Ministry of Health insists on a first line of seven A.R.P. cars, each with three drivers paid at £2 a week. Total cost, with insurance and maintenance, £2,338 a year.

Margate prefers its semi-voluntary scheme.

Owner-drivers undertake to be on call at their telephones in four shifts of six hours, receive 10s. a week to meet car tax and insurance. Total cost, £830 a year.

The Other Way

More sensible is the Ministry of Supply's fiat to local authorities. They

> **Dr. Ley, head of the Labour Front, has restored eight-hour shifts because factory output slumped. He admits that two ten-hour shifts produced less than two eight-hour shifts.**
>
> ✲ ✲ ✲

must uproot 100,000 tons of disused tram track, to be used in steel making.

Roads should be safer in consequence.

Despite the war, other tramway systems will soon be scrapped in favour of trolley-buses, twenty years after this change was advocated by JOHN BULL.

Speed-Up Explained

Speed-up of the registration for military service doesn't mean that all the men passed by the doctors will be in uniform within a few weeks.

It depends on the needs of various branches of the Services.

Some young men who registered last October are still awaiting calling-up notices.

He's Still Waiting

One man who volunteered was informed on January 30 that he would be required to report on February 7. On that date he was informed that he would not be needed until March 1.

Now he's told to "stay at home and be prepared to be called on at any time."

He's still trying to keep himself and his wife on 27s. a week unemployment benefit!

Spanish Revelations

Britain resumes normal relations with Spain. That's the meaning of the new trade agreement between the countries.

It is not a special war arrangement

> **President Roosevelt's next peace move will be attempt to settle the China war. Advisers tell him that Japan is doing so badly that his efforts would be welcomed.**
>
> ✲ ✲ ✲

on our part. It doesn't mean that Spain is more friendly.

Spanish Government is pro-German, the people pro-Ally.

Gestapo influence has been revived. German Embassy in Madrid has 206 propaganda agents on its staff. Newspapers give Nazis every sympathy.

But the ordinary people detest the Nazis, openly wish for an Allied victory.

Position in Germany

Conditions have been worsened by bad weather and transport congestion in Germany.

Potatoes, now the staple food, are scarce. Long queues in Berlin for potato rations will be still longer next year, for two-thirds of the stocks of seed have been ruined by frost.

Bare Bones

Germany is short of all foodstuffs except wheat, whale oil and perhaps butter, has only 5 per cent. of the cereals needed for cattle fodder, and six months' reserves of oil.

But we warn you again not to believe in the possibility of an early collapse.

> **Major Tryon, the Postmaster-General, will soon announce a postal entente with France, following the two countries' pooling of trade, financial, colonial and scientific affairs.**
>
> ✲ ✲ ✲

NOW'S THE TIME TO ACT!

"I shall not force my way through the Maginot Line"

A. G. Gardiner

Strips Hitler's Strategy of Cunning and Warns Mr. Chamberlain

THE mystery of this strange war deepens. Seven months have passed and it still hangs fire.

The *Blitzkrieg* has faded into a legend and five million men still face one another, watchful, silent, waiting, along the whole course of the Rhine from Basle to the sea.

Only in one theatre, the sea, is anything happening. That exception is significant.

But behind this apparent stalemate vast things are taking shape. The war is being won or lost. Which it is, who can say?

But let us try to read the mystery.

And in order to help us to read it I shall quote two sayings of Hitler foreshadowing his strategy:—

"Our real war will run its course before the armies meet each other in the field. We shall not employ mass attacks as in 1914.

"The system of artillery preparation in trench warfare as a prelude to an infantry attack will be replaced in future wars by an undermining of the enemy's morale, and this will be effected by propaganda before the armies have a chance of coming to grips.

"The enemy nation must be demoralised, ready to capitulate, reduced to complete inertia, before one should think of taking any sort of military action.

"I shall not force my way through the Maginot Line. I shall manœuvre France out of the Maginot Line without losing one of my men—but that is my secret."

So the threats of a "lightning war" were a smoke-screen behind which his real war could be waged.

LIGHTNING, the sudden spring, the ruthless massacre of civilians, are reserved for the smaller Powers—Czechoslovakia, Poland. For the Great Powers who can hit back a more cunning strategy is devised.

They must be immobilised. The Maginot Line is not to be attacked in front; it is to be disintegrated from behind.

Britain and France are to be demoralised and defeated, not by armies but by revolution in the ranks, in the factory, in the street, in the home.

Propaganda, espionage and sabotage are the weapons by which Hitler seeks to establish a rot all around him.

The Western Powers are to be divided and destroyed by internal conflict, internal suspicions, internal discontent.

Bolshevism and anti-Bolshevism are both exploited to spread defeatism and pacifism. The French soldier, often a Communist, is told that he is dying "to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for capitalist Britain."

The British or French capitalist is assured that Hitler's pact with Stalin is only temporary and that Nazi Germany alone can save the world from Bolshevism.

No lie about Britain is too monstrous to be propagated throughout the world.

No promise is too sacred to be broken.

No boast too empty to terrify the world with the fear of the power of Germany and dread of the coming storm.

In this war of nerves, it is hoped that something will happen.

ECONOMIC collapse. Trouble in Ireland. Trouble in India. The overthrow of the Daladier Government. A breach between France and the hated Britain. Peace moves by the Pope or America.

Anything that will change the issue and undermine our will to win.

Meanwhile, with the enemy immobilised in the West, Hitler is free to plot and bully beyond the Rhine.

He betrays Finland and Scandinavia to his fellow gangster of Moscow, knowing that he can take them at his leisure when the loutish idol of Mr. Pritt and the Dean of Canterbury has served his purpose.

He keeps Belgium, Holland and Switzerland in ceaseless fear of attack.

He eggs on Stalin to frighten the Balkans.

He eggs on Mussolini to make terms with himself and Stalin to divide all Europe and freeze out Britain and France.

When all his moves are complete, then he will strike westward.

That is the strategy. Can we feel confident that it is not succeeding?

Can we doubt that the fall of Finland, for example, has not struck a heavy blow at our prestige in the minds of the neutrals?

Can we wonder if, as they see one country after another shattered to bits, they despair of help from the Allies and fall under the heel of the barbarians?

If that is so, who is winning the war? We say that time is on our side. But is it?

If we are not winning the war of diplomatic manœuvre we are in danger of losing the war of military action when it comes, as come it will.

THE PLAIN FACT IS THAT HITLER IS DICTATING THE COURSE OF EVENTS. THE INITIATIVE IS STILL IN HIS HANDS, AND THE WAR IS TAKING THE CHARACTER HE FORESHADOWED IN THE WORDS I HAVE QUOTED ABOVE.

It is he who keeps us guessing, not we who keep him guessing.

It is he who is taking the pawns on the chessboard while we stand immobile around our king, waiting for the hour when he will strike.

We must cease to wait!

We must take the initiative and shape this war to our own pattern, or we shall be in danger, not perhaps of losing it, but of being manœuvred into a draw which will be as fatal for us as defeat.

If we do not break through this barrage of diplomatic war we shall find when the lightning comes that every strategic point has been captured against us and that all Europe beyond the Rhine is in the orbit of the enemy.

We shall hold the seas, but we shall have lost the Continent. And important as the blockade is, it cannot win the war alone.

It is at the best slow in operation, and every extension of Hitler's grip on Europe makes it slower.

How or where the spell that paralyses our action is to be broken it is not for me to say.

That is the problem for the War Cabinet of the Allies to solve, and to solve boldly and at once.

AND IN THIS CONNECTION I URGE ONCE MORE THE LIMITATION OF THE WAR CABINET AND THE INCLUSION ONLY OF THE BEST AVAILABLE BRAINS, FREED FROM ALL DEPARTMENTAL DUTIES AND CHARGED ONLY WITH THE LARGE STRATEGY OF THE WAR.

But while the burden of decision rests with the War Cabinet, there is one question which is in all minds.

Hitler's alliance with Stalin becomes every day more menacing, and the time has come when we must treat them as the common enemy.

And Russia is the Achilles heel of Hitler.

Oil, more than any other single factor, will decide this war, and the heaviest blow the Allies can deal to Germany is to cut off her supplies of that commodity.

FOR these supplies, capable of enabling him to carry on prolonged large-scale operations, Hitler is dependent on Russia.

It was to divert those supplies from Finland to Germany that Hitler played his part in the tragedy of Finland, preventing Sweden from going to its help or permitting others to go.

It is in the power of the Allies to cut off those supplies.

With the consent of Turkey we could not only stop the Russian supplies to Germany, but could prevent the Rumanian supplies being seized.

And even without the consent of Turkey we have access through Syria and Mosul to the Russian oilfields.

BUT WHATEVER THE OBJECTIVE, ACTION THERE MUST BE.

The initiative must be seized and Hitler must be put on the defensive.

Open Letters

General Sir HUGH ELLES, London, S.W.

DEAR GENERAL,—Your forceful radio talk deserves a bigger audience. Extracts should appear in the leaflets scattered over Germany.

Particularly impressive is your disproof of the Nazi claim that the German Army was not beaten in the last war, but was betrayed by politicians at home.

The British Army alone captured 400,000 prisoners and 6,000 guns between August and November of 1918—and the German Commander-in-Chief fled.

Our enemies must be reminded of that smashing defeat.

We must not be content with any less clear a victory in this war.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—Disgust is growing at the suffering imposed on animals by cutting their ears to mark them for official purposes.

One critic asks, "Why not track down and punish any rogue who tries to steal them rather than spatter our markets with their blood?"

Otherwise, you might as well argue that we should all be handcuffed lest a few people should be tempted to pick pockets.

GENERAL MANAGER, L.M. and S. Railway

SIR,—Outrageous prices charged to troops in railway canteens are becoming notorious.

Worst of all complaints brought to my notice is provided by a Guardsman who had a cup of tea on one of your trains.

The charge, he tells me, was 8d.

Trying to make him pay for the war, eh?

The DIRECTORS, Shipping Companies

GENTLEMEN,—I know you endorse M.P.s' criticism of the Ministry of Shipping, bitterly described as "Hitler's secret weapon." I know also that you would willingly co-operate in making it one of Britain's most powerful weapons.

If you are called into consultation, remember the thousands of stewards and caterers whom you cannot now employ because of the drop in passenger traffic.

They cannot enlist because they belong to a reserved occupation. They are allowed only to rust on the "dole."

I depend on you to press for the ending of this wasteful and preposterous muddle.

General Sir R. GORDON-FINLAYSON, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Plainly there's a lot of human feeling under the brass hats of your assistants.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reardon, of Newport, asked permission for their four sons in France to be given leave together. The request has been granted.

Such homeliness in the Army is a wise and welcome aid to good morale.

Wing-Command. E. J. HODSOLL, Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—You will agree, I'm sure, that the A.R.P. warden has the war's most wearisome job. It should not be made more irksome by petty restrictions and anomalies.

Croydon is holding an enquiry into the wardens' grievances. Willesden A.R.P. workers threaten to strike, alleging that their centre is uninhabitable and without canteen facilities.

In many other districts wardens complain that their efficiency is hampered.

Soon the nation's existence may depend on their service. Remedy the defects while there is yet time.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—It is not enough to offer a man work in a distant part of the country and threaten to stop his "dole" unless he accepts.

You must see that the working conditions are reasonable, and that he is not likely to be left homeless and penniless.

Unemployed builders are being sent to labourers' jobs at new war factories. They find themselves deep in mud, and the contractors do not supply gumboots.

There are no huts where they may change their clothing, no canteen. The employment exchange gives them a list of houses where they may find lodgings.

Some of the houses were pulled down twenty-five years ago. Other places are full of billeted soldiers, or the landladies prefer to let rooms to holidaymakers at better terms.

So the men find themselves without shelter, tramping the wet streets in a vain search for a makeshift home.

They are not paid for broken time caused by bad weather. Sometimes they lose a whole morning.

The older men, weakened by long unemployment, cannot stand the rough conditions and are sacked on the spot. No one pays their fare home.

Such complaints are common in many of the new factories to which men are sent from the North-East Coast, Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Your employment exchanges disclaim responsibility, although I know you are holding an enquiry in at least one district.

Why should you not accept the onus?

It is your duty as Minister of Labour to care for labour's welfare, to prevent victimisation and to see that men are not sent to jobs for which they are not suited.

I urge you to create without delay an organisation to assure a fair deal to all men drafted away from their home towns.

BEMBRIDGE PARISH COUNCIL, Isle of Wight

GENTLEMEN,—A heavy load on my heart is lifted by your decision to raise an employee's wages to meet the higher cost of living.

For keeping a fountain clean and tidy he has been getting 6d. a week. Now he's to be given an extra penny.

He will respect your generosity too much to plunge into extravagance.

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—Knowing your passion for efficiency, I am surprised you have not yet met the complaints of naval auxiliaries.

A man has been on a minesweeper ten weeks without receiving boots or overcoat. He has come home on leave with no underclothing, holes in his shoes and only a thin mackintosh.

He is spending a week's pocket-money on buying clothes that the Service should provide.

What shabby treatment for some of the bravest men!

The Hon. VINCENT MASSEY, High Commissioner for Canada

DEAR SIR,—A Somerset woman has received a side of bacon from a friend in Canada. Another in the same district has received six pounds of butter and other provisions. A third has just received 10s. for food and a promise of clothing.

Canadian benefactors thought they were starving!

Throughout your homeland and the United States the belief is spreading, thanks to Nazi lies, that Britain is at its last gasp.

Can you not persuade our inept Ministry of Information to include the American continent in its scope?

Mr. GEORGE CADBURY, Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—The coal shortage, still acute, stresses your point that greater use of canals would relieve the strain on railways.

For years I have attacked the selfishness of vested interests, and the stupidity of politicians that have brought our waterways into decay.

When all forms of transport should be helping our war effort, the scandal is even worse.

The Government is subsidising railways at the expense of canals.

Railway companies should be made to remedy their deliberate neglect of the canals they own.

(See Voice of the People pages.)

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—All very well to publish a report showing that young people are not being overworked in war factories, although medical men feel that their hours are still far too lengthy.

But think of A.R.P., with which you are also concerned.

Messengers aged fifteen to seventeen work from 7 p.m. to midnight after doing their normal job, sometimes are on duty from midnight till 7 a.m. and then go straight on to their ordinary day's work.

Can it be that you keep one eye shut when looking at the records of young people's hours?

DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, Manchester

SIR,—No tribute to your organisation is the fact that one teacher, evacuated to the country, has only two infants in her class.

Nine other children are shared among three teachers, all the rest have returned to Manchester.

It's not worth recalling any of these teachers, according to your officials, because their school in Manchester is over-staffed.

I'm not surprised rates are rising.

Mr. R. B. DUNWOODY, British Chambers of Commerce

DEAR SIR,—Heartening news that 110 Chambers of Commerce are going to assist the Ministry of Supply!

Sensations centred round the Ministry have shown, not graft or bad faith, but faulty organisation.

There must be the most drastic overhaul of its method of working.

By helping the Ministry in the task of bringing small firms into war production, you should be able to play a great part in that vital and urgently needed reform of the country's biggest business.

Mr. GEORGE KIRK, Gressenhall, Norfolk

DEAR GEORGE,—It will take more than the burden of war to crush the innate kindliness of the British people, as you have discovered.

The ordinary folk in all parts of the country who sent you subscriptions, after reading how you let your life savings burn while you rescued your pony, have shown to an aged and unknown village carrier an example of friendly sympathy that could not be bettered in any other land.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Secretary for Mines

DEAR SIR,—It is a wise policy to encourage householders to hoard coal during the summer.

You must see that merchants begin to receive sufficient stocks for this purpose immediately the present shortage is ended.

Since you say that shortage is due to lack of railway wagons, you should ask the Minister of Transport why hundreds of wagons have been idle near Manchester since before Christmas.

Yours faithfully

Near the spot where the Duce met Hitler last week, crack Italian Alpine troops show their skill on manoeuvres. And they are fully prepared for invasion by hordes of mechanised Nazi divisions!

Italians don't like HITLER!

—SAYS "JOHN BULL'S" SPECIAL ENVOY, HARRY GREGSON. CONTINUING HIS TOUR OF WAR-PERPLEXED EUROPE, HE REVEALS THE ITALIANS' HATRED OF NAZISM AND MUSSOLINI'S AMAZING PRECAUTIONS

A SHREWD-EYED fellow, that young Italian Alpine soldier. Elegant, too, with his grey-green uniform, feathered hat, and ski-ing socks above heavy boots.

"Hitler will try to march south," he said calmly. "But we are ready."

I couldn't believe my ears. I looked out of the window to gather my wits.

The train, leaving the French frontier, was rolling down between the snow-clad peaks to the fertile plains of Italian Lombardy.

Wasn't it here that the Italians scented danger?

Wasn't it the French province of Savoy, which we had just left, that all patriotic Italians coveted?

"Savoy, Corsica, Tunis"—you remember the Italian claims on France.

From the train windows I looked in vain for the precautions Mussolini ordered last autumn, presumably against France.

Here and there a house with windows painted blue in a feeble attempt at black-out. A power station by a rushing stream was similarly decorated.

NO sign of fortifications in the widening valley.

"UP NORTH IS THE DANGER," THE YOUNG SOLDIER EXPLAINED. "IT IS ON THE FRONTIER AGAINST GERMANY THAT ALL THE WORK IS BEING DONE.

"So you can guess why the Duce insisted on the Germans leaving Tyrol. You understand," and with a knowing look he left the train.

Arriving at Torino, I was equally surprised by Signor Matteo, an engineer with a serious, drawn face.

"Nobody in Italy wants war," he said. "But Hitler is dangerous. He is not a rational man. He wants Trieste and Fiume.

"Don't look surprised. We all know it.

"If he wins the war against the Allies, he will try to get these towns back in his Greater Germany. The barbarians will come over the Alps again."

My engineer friend warned me against taking taxis in Italy; petrol restrictions have made them worth while only for the very rich. So, in Milan, we left Europe's most magnificent station by single-decker tram for the cathedral.

On the way, he mentioned that he had urgent business in Klagenfurt, southern Austria, but was afraid to go there.

"Gestapo agents are everywhere in Italy," he shrugged. "I have expressed my thoughts about Germany freely. If I go to Austria I might have the same experience as a friend of mine."

This friend, apparently, had spent three weeks in a Berlin prison on a trumped-up passport charge. Then, after his personal belongings had been confiscated, he was sent in the guard's van of a slow goods train in mid-winter to the Swiss frontier.

"All this because he had made a derogatory remark about Hitler in a Swiss restaurant before entering Germany," the Italian engineer added. "These Nazis have nothing to learn from Stalin."

Stalin. . . . When an Englishman talks of Hitler in Central Italy, they immediately talk of Stalin.

If Stalin sends his Red troops into the Balkans, Italy will certainly fight Russia, you are earnestly told.

Italy is a Balkan Power since she acquired Albania, and Stalin will certainly not be allowed to do as he likes in Rumania and Bulgaria, with the rot spreading perhaps to Yugoslavia.

Italy won't tolerate a Bolshevised Dalmatian coast opposite her Adriatic coastline.

"We did not beat Stalin in Spain to have him in Dalmatia," says the imposing-looking but very friendly Blackshirt who directed me in Brescia.

Go by train towards the Adriatic coast and signs of last autumn's black-out become more pronounced.

The signalmen's cabins have windows painted blue. Some of the houses have almost a festive appearance because their glass is so liberally besmeared with blue paint.

OPEN skylights of a big engineering works rear their blue panes in mute testimony to a sudden war scare. . . .

The prosperous-looking business man who entered my carriage leaned forward and touched my knee confidentially.

"When we blacked-out last autumn," he said, "it was this part of Italy that had the most severe restrictions—near the Austrian frontier."

He winked and laughed. "Mussolini is not a fool," he added.

In Venice, near the station, Italians point out the theatre bombed by German airmen in the Great War. It is still boarded up, a more effective reminder of a dangerous neighbour than any British propaganda.

They smile at malicious stories of the meeting between Hitler and Mussolini in Venice. Not a cheer came from the Italian crowds when Hitler appeared on the balcony of his hotel.

The goosestep introduced by the Duce for certain regiments has been quietly dropped. It savoured too much of that Nordic domination which Italians fear.

They want to get on with their jobs rather than be drawn into war on either side.

For business is booming in Italy.

Shipyards are busy; American and British commercial travellers *en route* for the U.S.A. and the Far East jam the trains to Genoa; the tongues of business men from many Balkan nations are heard in the restaurants.

"Duce! Duce! Duce!" shout large inscriptions on hoardings.

Mussolini has done a lot for Italy and is popular, at least with middle-class Italians.

No doubt much in Italy is window-dressing to impress the foreigner, but concrete achievements are also very evident.

New administrative buildings. New workers' dwellings. New hospitals. New railway stations . . . the foreigner sees evidence of Italy's progress at every turn.

"You ought to have seen Italy before Mussolini took control to realise the great changes," people tell you.

"Slums, slow trains, bumpy tracks, slackness on almost every side. We are grateful to Mussolini for what he has done."

The foreigner coming from Belgium or Holland to Britain gets a very different picture. Shabby old factories, slums, derelict barns and the oldest third-class railway carriages in the world (only in Bulgaria, the poorest of the Balkan countries, have I seen their counterparts).

But what one cannot make the Italians understand is that Mussolini, by his foreign policy, has done much to put Hitler where he is.

They can see no analogy between German aggression against friendly States and Italian aggression against Abyssinia and Albania

Abyssinia they dismiss with a shrug: "After all, they were a nation of backward heathens."

When one talks of Albania, they say: "Look at all the money Italy invested in Albania!"

And when the Italians cry "Duce!" to-day it is a plea to keep them out of war.

MUSSOLINI is playing his own hand. I gather the impression that he will do everything, short of going to war, to increase Italy's power at the expense of the belligerents, so as to be able to play a decisive rôle when peace comes.

Italy would like to assert herself as the leading Balkan Power. But in Belgrade, Sofia and Bucharest I found suspicions of Italy only second to those of Hitler.

Italy's sudden seizure of Albania is not forgotten by these smaller countries. When Italy offers them friendship, they wonder what exactly it may eventually mean.

Turkey watches Italy even more closely than she watches Russia or Germany.

The Dodecanese Islands, now in Italian hands, are conveniently placed for bombing Turkish towns. Her harbours are on the shores of what ardent Fascists refer to as "Mare Nostrum" (the Mediterranean).

This affects Britain closely, because the Turks, with their control of the Dardanelles, have the key to Allied strategy in the Near East.

BUT THE ANTI-GERMAN AND ANTI-HITLER SENTIMENTS OF THE PEOPLE ARE FACTORS WHICH EVEN DICTATORS CANNOT IGNORE.

SO, WHEN MUSSOLINI FORTIFIES HIS NORTHERN FRONTIERS AND BLACKS OUT IN THE NORTH-EAST, IT SEEMS THAT HE, TOO, SHARES THE SUSPICIONS OF HIS PEOPLE.

GRIN and BEAR IT! - By Oliver Plush

Ever Seen a Star Starving?

HOLLYWOOD-BE expert, who knows more about the film stars than they know themselves, declares that the super-simple life is the latest craze with many Beverly Hills folk. Ostentation is out. Old clothes, quiet houses and frugal fare are definitely in.

If the laddie is right, the film interview of the future may read like this:—

Yesterday I called on luscious Cilly Seezon, who owns one of the most delightfully shabby cowsheds in the stellar colony. Cilly herself received me at the door and apologised laughingly for wearing a thousand-dollar evening gown.

"It's jvst my working dress," she explained. "Naturally, I shall change into a suitable dress of old sandbags trimmed with the lids of sardine tins before attending the première of my new picture this evening. But come in. You are just in time for lunch."

Cilly presided charmingly at the head of the old packing case that is the pièce de résistance *in her tool-shed dining-room.*

"Don't you admire my table cloth?" she asked, waving an unmanicured hand towards the month-old newspaper. "It gives you a chance to read the world's views while you chews."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, no, my dear, I never go to Art Exhibitions. As far as I am concerned, pictures just go in at one eye and out at the other."

Songs and Their Singers

Red Sails in the Sunset . . . Uncle Joe Stalin.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story . . . Lord Haw-Haw.

Roll Out the Barrel . . . "Titch" Goering.

I'm Falling For You . . . Nazi bomber on meeting British "Hurricane."

There's A Light Still Burning in the Window . . . Our Warden.

Queenie's Corner

My Dear Girls,—What *do* you think your ownest Cousin Queenie has been doing this week? I have been visiting some of the dear, loyal boys of the A.R.P. who, with their tin hats and steel nerves, will be so devastatingly helpful if ever that horrid old Goering person dares to.

They were organising a concert at their headquarters, and *what* a surprise was waiting for little me! One of the dear boys of the Put-Out-That-Light Brigade actually asked me if I would take part. My dears, I was *thrilled*, and although I am just *too* full of busy these days, I promised to sing.

And what *do* you think? Just after the concert the *sweetest* Senior Warden came up and told me I really ought to be taken on as the dear men are urgently in need of an auxiliary siren. Wasn't that sweet of him?

You see, I have just been peeping into a stuffy old dictionary, and it says that a siren is a sea nymph who sings bewitchingly and lures sailors to death.

Your loving cousin, Queenie.

Disappointing

Rumours in this war aren't what they were in the last. (We have yet to hear about British troops being taken through Moscow in closed railway carriages with London mud still on their boots.

Think Again, Please

I LIKE the new-style newspaper headline that has appeared since war started. You know—

5 U-BOATS RAMMED AT ONCE.
—Trawler captain thinks

RUSSIANS LOSE 700,000 MEN.
—Finns believe.

You can just go on and on. Well, what's to stop you? Such as:

ASSASSINATION OF HITLER.
—Before 1980, says New York lecturer.

ENOUGH BUTTER FOR EVERYBODY.
—In Easter Island.

OLIVER PLUSH ELEVATED TO PEERAGE.
—Or not.

Ten little neutrals sitting in the sun,
They remained neutral and then there were none.

Family Fun

Nowadays we see a lot in the newspapers about Diplomatic Relations. Actually, there are no such people.

With-a-Grain-of-Salt Dept.

Then there was the small boy who received a well-merited slippering from his father, and departed mournfully humming, "My Hurt Belongs to Daddy."

Give It a Name

It is now time to hand a nice slice of caraway-seed cake to the legal luminary who asked, "What is mild-and-bitter?"

Answer adjudged correct being. "Not what it was before the war, old man."

Argument with a Waist

I seem to be seeing far too much of you these days.

Well, you've only got yourself to blame if I appear to be pushing myself forward.

I fail to understand you.

You've been feeding me up for years, and now you're paying for it.

You used not to be so assertive.

Still, you must expect a fellow to expand a bit in middle-age.

I'd prefer to see you fit than fat.

Whose fault is it that I'm going to pot?

You used to have such a narrow outlook I had to do something for you.

What, pray?

Well, I have been faithful to you according to my ration.

The last thing I require is buttering up. Personally, I think I'm an all-round success.

We'll leave it at that. But I may have to take you up sharply one day.

Of corsets possible. Au revoir now. You'll be seeing me.

In Darkest England

Thanks to the petrol rationing, arterial roads have changed from noisy motorways to quiet remoter ways.

OLD BILL
by Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus mate, it's goin' to be a long 'ard fight. It's not goin' to be easy, but in the end I reckon Tommy Farr will beat 'im."

"Can the Bear read?"
—New York Times.

"Cash and carry."—*Vu, Paris.*

INSIDE GERMANY —No. 1

Beginning a series of articles in which "John Bull" will reveal exclusively the reactions of the German peoples to their Nazi rulers' desperate fight to prolong a regime of brutality that has brought misery and death to their homes.

Nazi Whispers of Discontent

Goebbels still tells the Nazi nation that there is no blockade, but the Germans are whispering anxiously in their own homes

IN the final issue, the outcome of a modern war rests on the *peoples* of the nations involved, on their capacity for endurance, their temper and their morale. Military decisions are secondary to their ability to remain united.

When you start estimating the probable duration and assessing prospects of victory or defeat between reasonably matched opponents, the mere comparison of respective strengths, strategic position or qualities of leadership leads nowhere.

The real decision lies behind the front lines, behind the headlines, the bulletins and communiqués.

In the belief that what is going on inside Germany has the biggest bearing on the progress of the war, JOHN BULL has created an information service to collect details of what is happening behind the closed frontiers of the Reich.

The material to be used is obtained from sources that are not readily available.

CERTAIN British official sources will be used, but there is to be no spoon-fed propaganda for easy home consumption.

There is too much "wishful thinking" in this country about conditions among the Nazis. War will not be won by wishing.

Among the most obstinate of these delusions is that Hitler is slowly losing his hold over the German people.

Another is that the people may soon rebel against the Nazis.

These two strong beliefs can be disposed of quite briefly in the light of information in our possession.

Throughout Germany (with the exception of one province) Hitler's hold is as great as ever. To the young and to the women he is still a demi-god.

Nine-tenths of the working class, even though the Four-Year Plan and the war have increased their working hours to the limit of endurance for no more pay, are still for Hitler.

The average German takes inspiration from the fact that there are no "better" classes. If he has to overwork on short commons, so have the rest.

There are no profiteers or idlers.

Nearly four-fifths of the German armed forces are unreservedly for Hitler.

Most of them have known nothing except Nazi ideology during their most formative years. They believe in it as a creed of German world power, and nothing has happened yet to change their minds.

ALL "S.S." men, uniformed troops and officials of the Nazi Party and their dependants, numbering more than 5,000,000, are for Hitler. He has given them jobs, power and wealth and kept them off the labour market.

The one German province in which there is some slackening of Hitler worship is Bavaria, where the Nazi Party was born.

Party headquarters are still situated in Munich, the capital of the province.

Neutral travellers have hardly seen a Heil Hitler salute in Munich in the last six months and independent-minded Bavarians have gone back to the old "Gruss Gott" greeting.

Munichers openly protest about the weight of the Party payroll on their finances because they pay more than any other State in Germany.

Yet the Gestapo is doing little about this lukewarmness.

Perhaps it dare not. Perhaps it remembers that not only the 1918 revolution, but also the Nazi revolution began in Munich.

Then there was the Beer-Cellar explosion that nearly ended Hitler's life last year.

Perhaps the next revolt will begin there.

Chances of an early revolution in Germany are out of the question.

Somewhere in the Reich there are 10,000,000 people who voted against the Nazis at the last free election, but after seizing power through a revolution, Nazis know all the counter-technique.

Communists have been silenced since the signing of the Russo-Nazi Pact, and the Gestapo is making sure that they never have a chance to reorganise.

Nevertheless, civilian depression deepens throughout Germany. Along the Kurfurstendam in Berlin, and the other great thoroughfares of German cities, there are *whispering* multitudes passing and repassing on the thronged pavements in the black-out.

They are whispering that the blockade has cut Germany's exports 50 per cent., which means that hundreds of factories in Saxony, Thuringia and in all provinces except the Ruhr and Rhineland, which are making munitions, have had to close down—for the duration.

Goods to the Argentine or the United States cannot be sold in the Balkans, or other countries still open to German trade.

Machinery has to be redesigned, new markets found. Meanwhile, men are idle.

Severe rationing has cut retail distribution in consumer goods by 50 per cent. So more employees are sacked.

A State Decree for "economy reasons" closed down all businesses with takings of less than £20 a week last year. Yet there were scores of thousands of small handicraftsmen in Germany.

According to official figures tardily admitted in January, there were 1,150,000 unemployed in Germany, and there was a huge shortage of skilled labour.

Five hundred firms in the electrical and steel industries, engaged on armaments, told Goering they would have to halve output unless more skilled labour was released from the army.

For the unemployed there is no State money for compulsory labour on public works; no room in the army.

Twenty thousand imported Italian labourers are in the Westphalian coalfields digging out coal that Italy has bought.

German miners call them blacklegs, and last month there was trouble.

Italians and Germans now work in separate galleries, and there are Black Guards in each mine. A ring of S.S. men has been placed around the whole coalfield.

R.A.F. machines roaring over Germany drop leaflets telling the people of our economic blockade.

Goebbels' propaganda machine tells the nation that there is no such thing as an Allied blockade. Yet every day in the shops, in offices and in beer-cellars the whole nation learns the immediate results of the blockade.

So the seeds of disquiet are sown.

They are spread in hundreds of other directions in the social life of the German people.

Each week, sifting the stream of information flowing out of Germany, we shall pick out the pointers showing how those seeds are germinating.

Week by week, JOHN BULL's foreign experts will gauge Nazi reactions, learning through neutral and unofficial sources what the man "in the German" street thinks when he learns that our aircraft can not only drop leaflets but also bombs, that Britain is set fair for a long war when his rulers face a future that is without hope.

All these factors are telling on the German peoples; they affect most vitally the conduct of the war.

And you will hear all about them—from **INSIDE GERMANY.**

"Greatest of These . . . ."

THIS is an almost incredible story of endurance, of a smile that has never wavered in a lifetime of suffering.

Imagine a girl of five with diseased bone, sent home from hospital as incurable. Later she spent several years in hospital, undergoing one operation, then another, until eventually she was discharged again at the age of seventeen, wearing a surgical boot.

Yet she found work in a factory, tried to live a normal life without trading on her misfortune.

She was married at nineteen, and worked in a munition factory while her husband went to Flanders.

Then she fell ill again and her right leg was amputated.

After twenty more operations, she lost her left leg. And now her right arm is almost useless through her having to have several pieces of bone removed.

She's always smiling

Mrs. Malyon, of Ruislip, Middlesex, has been in this terrible plight since 1935. Yet she has never complained.

She has never grumbled or appealed for help.

Symbolic of her great courage is the fact that she learned to play a piano, bought for her by sympathetic neighbours. And she still manages to do her own housework and washing.

"I have great admiration for her in her brave effort to surmount her difficulties," said her doctor.

But this woman cannot get out of her house. And her husband cannot afford to buy her a propelling chair out of his meagre wages. Yet surely she deserves such help.

So JOHN BULL asks that readers should contribute to giving this incredibly brave woman a chance to continue her fight against great odds.

Please mark donations "Chair" and send them to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

This is the B.B.C. listening, checking broadcasts from stations all over the world in twenty-five languages, digesting half a million words for the Secret Service

Monitors listen in eight-hour shifts at the great B.B.C. Interceptor station "somewhere in England." There are always ten of them on duty

TAPPING the WORLD'S SECRETS

An Interceptor Station somewhere in England is Britain's newest Secret Service, with ears that hear what the world is saying twenty-four hours a day in twenty-five different languages.

It is a Listening Post that has no counterpart in military history; it is providing an up-to-the-minute Service of Intelligence, vital to the prosecution of the war.

THE beautiful "spies" and their male collaborators of the B.B.C. Intelligence Department sit, wearing headphones, in front of specially sensitive wireless sets, listening to one or other of the broadcasts in twenty-five languages coming from all over the world.

These listeners are expert linguists, and with them is a corps of shorthand-typists.

Most of What the World is Saying is taken down in shorthand, but where a still more infallible and personal record is needed, the broadcast is transmitted straight on recording machines

Half a million words a day are recorded, translated and summarised by the monitors, as the B.B.C. calls its sleuths of the air.

This colossal task is made possible by a staff of engineers whose duty, in the words of Mr. E. A. Harding, Chief Editor of the Monitoring Service, is to **"intercept the broadcasts and feed them down into the receiving sets, which detect, amplify and transform them in waves strong enough to vibrate the cutting-heads of recording machines, or loud enough to stimulate the ear-drums of half a hundred polyglot monitors."**

Monitors listen in eight-hour shifts. There are always ten of them on duty, assisted by sub-editors, to do the summarising, and shorthand-writers.

They listen to two hundred broadcasts every twenty-four hours.

Some monitor-linguists are experts in five tongues.

Nazi transmissions are combed with the greatest care.

The value of the Interceptor Station can be realised best by following the progress of its already partly sifted daily 500,000 words as that summary is transmitted over teleprinter machines to B.B.C. headquarters in London.

As it comes off the teleprinter in neatly typed sheets, this vast volume of material is immediately analysed.

Important information, telephoned from Interceptor Station, will already have been "flashed" to those concerned. These "flashes" may relate to news of floating mines, movements of enemy aircraft or troop concentrations, air raid warnings and such like information intercepted from neutral broadcasts.

The teleprinter "copy" is now searched for any other items that might have been worth telephoning.

Then the experts continue to condense the hundreds of thousands of words received from Interceptor Station down to the 30,000-word, 100-page Daily Digest issued in two parts by the B.B.C.

The first, "Foreign Broadcasts: German Transmissions and Daily Notes," is printed and circulated daily at noon to twenty-five Government agencies, and all Government Departments directly engaged in the prosecution of the war.

The second, "All Transmissions other than German," is distributed at 3 p.m.

The B.B.C. operates in closest collaboration with the Ministry of Information, which is responsible for the service, financially and otherwise.

The Daily Digest is scoured by analysts for every item of enemy propaganda or neutral opinion that may be turned to account either by the B.B.C. in its own daily broadcasts in nineteen languages, or in various other ways.

In this way an up-to-the-minute record is kept of the war as it "comes over the air," making possible swift decision for counter-attack in the battles that are fought over the wireless waves.

The *Graf Spee* affair was a typical case in point.

Nazis' claims of victory, their fiction about "the British using poison gas," their subsequent excuses and contradictions, were shot to pieces by B.B.C. counter-broadcasts based on information picked up by Monitoring Service as it listened at Interceptor Station.

British information, primed with last-minute facts from neutral sources, was able to shatter and even forestall Nazi propaganda by anticipating its trend and making it look ridiculous.

B.B.C. Intelligence listening—to broadcasts in twenty-five languages twenty-four hours a day, picking up, recording, digesting 500,000 words.

It is a branch of Secret Service indispensable to modern war!

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Butter Spread Too Thick !

THANK you; I thank you. . . . Fares, please. . . . Excuse me, sir, but aren't you Mr. W. S. Morrison? . . . I thought I knew you. . . . P'raps you wouldn't remember me, but you was riding on the same 'bus two or free months ago and we had a bit of a chin-wag about rations and so on. . . .

You've been pretty busy since then, haven't you, mister? . . . *And* keeping lots of other people on the jump, too, by all accounts? . . .

I know. I know. You can't please everybody, as the old girl said to the drummer boy some time after the blinking regiment had been to tea with 'er. . . .

JUST the same, Mr. Morrison, there *is* a lot of folks saying we'd have been better off without any of your blessed rationing at all. . . . And others what thinks you haven't done enough.

Take my missus, for instance. . . . She went right off the deep end a week or so back when she heard you'd decided to double the butter ration!

You would have expected her to be *pleased*?

Crikey, you don't know my old girl!

"It's a bit *too* thick!" she says to me.

"Wot's too thick?" I comes back.

"The way this blinking butter's spread," says she; "and the"—so help me, I daren't quote her words—"price it costs!"

Fact is, Mr. Morrison, sir, *we* had to be careful and use a bit of "marge" even in peace time. And there's millions poorer than me and my missus who couldn't buy any butter now, not if you was to make the ration half a ton a week instead of half a pound!

And I wouldn't be surprised if that's the reason you've got all this extra butter in stock!

Meat? . . Well, I grant you that's different.

One and tenpence a head seems fair enough as a basis. We don't grumble at that, but the distribution's horrid—a blinking nap hand of pork and veal, mutton, lamb *and* beef if you happens to be lucky, and a hundred per cent. 'bust" or "misery" if you don't!

Why, down our road we haven't had nothing but mutton since you put the shutters up. . . . And *is* a cold shoulder cold comfort after it's been hotted up for the third time and turned into perishing rissoles!

Forgive me for speaking straight, won't you, mister? But all us ordinary people are getting a bit fed up with not knowing what's going to happen next. . . .

Take coal, now. Down our way we was perishing cold when it *was* cold, and we couldn't get a sack of fuel not for love or money. Oh, no; I grant you we haven't been rationed, but what's the odds if you can't get the stuff? . . .

The Government—which means you and your pals, don't it?—tells us first of all that the exceptional weather took 'em by surprise.

Then they say the railway services will be mucked about a bit while they're straightening out the muddle and freeing millions of tons of coal what have choked the sidings and actually closed down the pits here and there. . . .

THEN, finally, they tells us that all this clearing up is going to take weeks and weeks, but that, once it *is* cleared up, we'll all be encouraged to lay in a few tons of cheap stuff in the summer for our "winter requirements"!

'Oly smoke! You should have heard the old lady snort when she read that bit!

"Best thing we can do," she says, "is to go out and order free or four tons of anthracite," says she. . . .

"That is," she goes on, "if we only had something to use for money and if the old coal bin would hold more than a couple of hundredweight, anyway!"

And that's the real trouble, sir, with all your ration schemes.

That's what you might call the core of all your distribution muddles.

NOBODY minds going short on a share-and-share footing, but nobody likes to think that the blokes with a bit of splosh in the kitty can have pretty near what they likes, or that some can have a good time, say, in Wigan, and others be darned near starved in Whitechapel.

Getting off here, Mr. Morrison?. . . .

Ah, well, you be careful your name-sake, me old pal Herbert, don't get after you!

He had a go at Mr. Burgin the other day for being a bit careless like, and, upon my oath I wouldn't say your department has been any too careful or too clever! ★

"THINGS REACH THEIR HAPPY END"

NO road that goes on for ever, no heart but it finds a friend. No anguish that is unceasing, all things reach their happy end.

NO shadow but has its sunlight, no storm is without its calm, no feet that stumble down life's road are without God's Guiding Arm.

NO sea without its horizon, no sunset that has no sunrise, no tears without that dawning smile that comes creeping back to our eyes.

NO exile however lonely that a heart can't find its way to span material distance, ELSE NO SOUL WOULD EVER PRAY.

NO War but has its ending, no Fear but Faith dawns anew. No thought, no word, no hour in Life that God is not Close to you.

J. M.

He Makes Wise War Speeches

HANNEN SWAFFER

introduces the Premier who steered Australia through a by-election squall

IT is unfortunate that R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, should have had to consent to a Coalition to get himself out of a mess By no means popular in his country, he has blundered in his leadership, and that is a vital mistake in time of war.

It is a wonder it didn't cost him his job.

The British peoples, at home, in the Dominions and in the Colonies want firm and intelligent leadership.

The Commonwealth is united, fervently anti-Hitler, yet it still requires inspiration and guidance of a kind that unifies its efforts.

But tall, handsome, middle-aged Menzies was so indiscreet that at a time when leadership was essential he had to open the ranks of his Cabinet to admit men of another Party.

Trouble began at the by-election at Geelong, the second largest city in Victoria.

The Labour man believed that Australian troops should not have been sent abroad, but kept at home for defence purposes.

Menzies stupidly retorted: "A vote for Labour is a vote for Hitler."

We may agree with that Labour man, we may disagree, but in the end it is a problem that only the Australians can solve.

Yet Menzies' retort so upset electors of Geelong that they actually tried to send a cable to Hitler explaining that they were "agin the Government" for reasons that had nothing to do with the war.

One was draining sewage into Altona Bay!

"There is nothing pro-Hitler or anti-war about us," they said. And so Menzies lost Geelong.

Menzies is the leader of the United Australia Party, and in the days of Joe Lyons, his predecessor, it had a majority of 5,675 in Geelong, but at the war time by-election the Labour man got in by 3,434.

FEW Premiers could have survived such a devastating blow. The result showed that Menzies was destroying unity, and it forced him to agree to a Coalition with Archibald Cameron's Country Party.

And now William Hughes, Premier of Australia in the last war, is resenting being asked to leave a minor position in the Government to make way for a Country Party man.

Menzies came here with Joe Lyons for the Silver Jubilee. He was back here in 1936, when he appeared for the Commonwealth in a Privy Council case.

A year later he was a Privy Councillor himself.

He had been induced to leave State politics and a £10,000-a-year practice at the bar by the promise of succeeding ruling Joe Lyons, who was seeking retirement.

He stepped into Joe's shoes a year ago.

A capable barrister, Menzies looks even younger than his 45 years.

His unpopularity at home can be gauged by the fact that he had not long been Prime Minister before Sir Earle Page, then leader of the Country Party, said, "The Prime Minister lacks the quality of courage, loyalty and judgment. . . . He avoided service overseas in the last war."

"It is a low and paltry attack," Menzies replied bitterly.

EDUCATED at Grenville College, Ballarat, Wesley College, Melbourne, and Melbourne University, he got as near the "Old School Tie" as was possible in Australia.

Called to the Victorian bar in 1918, he became a brilliant advocate of the cold type; more an Avory than a Marshall Hall. He took silk in 1929.

He held several offices in Victoria and then, looking to a wider field, fought and won a seat in the Federal Parliament.

He succeeded Sir John Latham, not only as M.P. for Kooyang, but also as Attorney-General. So it was he rose.

His war speeches have been fervent.

"This is a crusade, not against the light, but for it," he told the crowd watching the first Australians leaving for Palestine. "These men will be much more truly Crusaders than were the men whose effigies lie in the Templars' Church in London."

Well, this was true enough.

Many Crusaders were lustful grafters who started off "to rescue Jerusalem from the Saracens," but quarrelled among themselves.

They were little more than a gang of brigands.

"Australia would be as much endangered by a British defeat in Europe as if a hostile force landed on her own shores," he added a few days ago.

Tall, handsome, middle-aged, a capable barrister, Menzies knows cricket records by heart, knows how far the bail was knocked in 1892

"We are not benevolent neutrals," was another phrase of his. "We are belligerent partners."

"The urgent war aim is victory," he also declared, "victory followed by world security, the abandonment of competition in armaments, and then prosperity in which Germany may share."

Then he used other words with which I heartily agree.

"I disagree with the theory that we are fighting one man," he said, "and that the war will end when he is overthrown. Our fight is against a series of principles of conduct of government, the continuance of which is intolerable. If Hitler ceased to exist, the war would continue because the system exists in more hearts than Hitler's."

Until the settlement of Europe is assured, there can be no compromise.

Menzies has at least one great qualification for being Prime Minister of Australia.

He is mad on cricket.

He knows all the records by heart, even how far the ball was knocked in 1892.

He is a friend, not only of Bradman, but also all the great Australian players. He loves nothing more than an afternoon at a needle match.

BUT no "good" stories are told about him. He stands more than 6 feet in height, and he is broad and muscular. He loves athletics.

What counts against him is that he is proud that he does not suffer fools gladly. This has made him appear to be brusque with quite well-intentioned people lacking veneer—and Australia has many of them.

This has helped to give him a good measure of unpopularity.

They have called him "the Lord Birkenhead of Australia." I don't know why. Birkenhead could be most charming when he liked.

He could say anything so that it sounded good.

The Human Machine

Banish Friction

IF you wish a machine to work with maximum efficiency you must take care to eliminate friction. You must be always on the watch for unusual noises; for squeaks, groans and rattles, the machine's way of begging for oil or adjustment.

If you don't, you will run your machine wastefully and do untold damage.

What applies to machines of iron and steel applies even more forcibly to machines of flesh and blood and nerves.

The effects of unnoticed friction on the Human Machine are more subtle; the results more lasting and far-reaching.

When friction affecting our mental machinery is easily noticed it is as easily dealt with.

The big task, the big problem, the big crisis, calls forth its own supply of emotion and energy, enabling us to cope adequately with the situation before us.

It is the little occasions, the affairs of everyday matters, that are almost—but not quite—routine, that are terribly apt to cause damaging friction.

You know the sort of thing; when we feel vaguely irritated by someone or something; when someone or something continually annoys us without our being able to put our finger on the exact source of annoyance; when we feel snappy or sullen or out of sorts.

This is the result of friction.

Unless we recognise it, the results are apt to go deep. "Ninety per cent. of all daily friction," said the late Arnold Bennett, "is caused by tone, mere tone of voice . . . He who speaks, speaks twice. His words convey his thought, and his tone conveys his mental attitude towards the person spoken to. And the attitude, as far as friction goes, is more important than the thought."

Watch yourself for one day; see how often your manner or your voice shows friction. And you'll be kept busy eliminating the friction by changing your attitude to the people and things you imagine are causing it.

The only oil that is any use to the human machine is created from watchful self-discipline and a reasonable mind.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Where is the Peace Money Going?

MR. ROBERT J. SCRUTTON, head of the United Christian Petition Movement, is a young man with many ideas.

He has so many ideas it is doubtful whether he even knows himself where one ends and another begins.

Probably it is just as well. He moves so fast that his disciples, caught up by the speed of his passing, don't have time to get around to ask one or two questions which I consider are of the utmost importance.

He is quite an ardent peace hot-gospeller—advocating a peace crusade with a "spiritual army of men and women" denouncing war and wearing white bandoleers to bear public witness to their desires.

With a programme so inspiring, this modern Peace Crusader is making public appeals for funds in support of his enterprise.

Not long ago it was for £60,000.

"It is a small price to pay for peace and security," he said, but as there seems no prospect of either it was probably too expensive.

Next he appealed for £100,000 to "consolidate our work by establishing a 'Parliament Christian' in the British Constitution." This effort was started by two subscriptions of £500, and others probably followed.

Financial appeals seem to play a prominent part in Mr. Scrutton's schemes.

He launched a prosperity campaign at Matlock, Derbyshire, in 1933, which involved the publication of "Prosperity," a magazine that is no longer published and for which Scrutton still owes the printers £70.

This magazine was part of a scheme to "abolish poverty and prevent war," and it published a balance-sheet of the movement it advocated showing that donations amounted to £403, while wages to staff accounted for £301 and £110 was subscribed to the "United Christian Petition Movement in Liverpool."

Ironical that there was a loss of £130 on the magazine, and it seems that the Prosperity Campaign came to an impoverished end.

He was all for "abolishing poverty and preventing war," too, when he set about launching another scheme for a "petition and a London rally" from headquarters at St. Peter's Vicarage, Paynes Lane, Coventry, and a mass meeting to be held at Albert Hall was abandoned after many tickets had been sold.

About that time Scrutton was accepting subscriptions of not less than 5s. for his Prosperity Campaign.

Hot-Gospeller Robert J. Scrutton.

IN ADVERTISING FOR COLLECTORS FOR HIS "SOCIAL SERVICE MOVEMENT" HE TOLD THOSE APPLYING THAT THEY COULD HAVE 33 PER CENT. OF ALL MONEY COLLECTED AND A DEFINITE SALARY IF THEY MADE GOOD.

Scrutton's great peace movement is now being managed from a luxury flat at Esmond Court, Kensington Square, London, but nobody there seems to be concerned about the delay in producing yet another balance-sheet to show where the money collected for the various world-shaking schemes has gone.

Maybe that Mr. Scrutton's motives are of the highest. YET WHILE HE CONTINUES TO APPEAL FOR FUNDS HIS SUPPORTERS ARE ENTITLED TO THE FULLEST AND MOST DETAILED INFORMATION AS TO WHAT HAPPENS TO THE MONEY.

In view of what I have revealed, perhaps he will now answer all questions with frankness and candour.

Don't Fall for Them

A STRING reader, unemployed through no fault of his own, was delighted when he saw an advertisement in which a London firm asked for "salaried salesmen."

The job was right up his street, and he borrowed the fare to Town after he had received an encouraging reply.

Imagine his disappointment when he heard that he was expected to hawk goods on a commission basis!

Imagine his wife's tears when he arrived home to tell her that the job on which they had pledged their hopes had petered out, that they must go on still shorter rations to refund the money he had spent on fares.

Unfortunately, I receive letters constantly complaining about the misuse of the word "salary" in advertisements.

* * *

HE is elderly, about 5 ft. 6 in., wears a sports cap, a fawn tweed overcoat, and has a slight beard.

He walks into shops, asks to see his old friend the owner, and looks miserable when told that the man is dead.

He explains wistfully that, had he been alive, his old friend would have lent him the money he needs to travel to Coventry in search of a job.

He gets the money every time, just as he gets the news of a shopkeeper's death from a local newspaper.

'Gone Away' Brigade

WAR conditions have led to a marked increase in the "Gone Away" Brigade. Their dupes send cash for goods advertised. When nothing happens, complaints by letter come back marked "Gone Away."

F. J. ROBINSON, WEYMOUTH STREET, LONDON, W.1, offered stock lines to traders for immediate delivery from his "Cash and Carry" Bargains List. Now it would seem that Robinson has been carried away with his customers' cash. Post Office Dead Letter Department returning letters marked "Gone Away."

BRENTNALL AND CO., LTD., HEATHCOTE GROVE, CHINGFORD, ESSEX, offered hose, lingerie and men's clothing at attractive prices; promised delivery of goods as long ago as October last. Finale—"Gone Away."

MacHUGH8 (LONDON), LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W., offered lingerie, stockings and other things Same old story to-day.

MR. J. AMBER, DENHOLME GATE, SHELF, has taken money from housewives with orders for notepaper and printing, promising delivery in few days. But Mister Amber has seen red and vanished.

CREPEX PRODUCTS, LTD., PADDINGTON, LONDON, W., was formed to market a new rubber sole. At least one man put in money and lost most of it. Now also on the list of the "Gone Away" Brigade.

Thumbscrew Methods!

THE Cyclists' Touring Club cannot know all there is to know about Messrs. Malcolm Page, Ltd., Printers and Publishers, of High Street, London, S.W.17, otherwise it would not employ them not only to produce its route-book but also to find advertisements for the club's publications.

Therefore, I offer some of the facts to the club, which was founded in 1878 and incorporated in 1887. The King is its Patron, and the Duke of Portland its President.

During the last war, Louis Lazarovitch, a naturalised Russian Pole, started a thriving business as a costumier in Tooting.

Now known as Bernard Lewis, he not only manages Malcolm Page, Ltd., but also Bernard Lewis, Ltd. His wife is shown as chief director of both companies, but the big noise is Bernard.

His agents are well versed in the tricks of talking unwary tradespeople into signing papers without reading them.

When the deluded show surprise at having such big bills to meet, Bernard turns on the screw with actions in court.

He admitted to one county court judge that he had sued 619 protesting clients in a year, and that there had been many allegations against him of fraud and misrepresentation.

The Cyclists' Touring Club would be well advised to make enquiries into the methods by which this Russian Pole's agents obtain its advertisements.

Clare's Unlucky Charms

THE wastepaper basket is the only safe place for the nonsensical circulars, distributed by Bertram Clare, of German origin, once known as Curtze, from a house in London, S.W.

He is all for selling a lucky charm, which takes the "form and substance" and exact reproduction of the wonderful Egyptian "Vasanta Cross," credited with bringing love, health and happiness to its wearers.

His circulars, packed with mumbo jumbo, tempt the credulous by saying that after buying the lucky charm for one and sixpence you can become a member of the Universal Correspondence Club, a notorious matrimonial agency, for an additional ten shillings.

He claims that by wearing the "Vasanta Cross" one member can spot another, no matter what part of the world he or she may be in. You can imagine the effect of such an absurdity on the mothers, wives and sweethearts of men in the Forces.

In India "Vasanta" means "Happy Spring." Clare claims that the stone in the charm is brought to him from the mystic lands of the East!

My information about Clare goes back to the days long ago when he was running a strange selection of mail order businesses from a Hammersmith flat.

The Universal Correspondence Club has been mentioned several times in court, and one member of it was described as a "scoundrel who preyed on young women," and sentenced to two years' hard labour."

Don't let Clare or his club charm you!

COURIER OF CRIME

ALTHOUGH he hasn't a new idea to his faked names, there is a Globe-Trotting Prince of Crime still hopping about the world, despite the war, performing spectacular confidence tricks with as much grace as he did in the piping days of peace.

John Arthur Barry ranks high among the spectacular crooks out for big money, and there is a black mark against him in police records in France, the United States, Italy, Australia and Belgium.

Employing several accomplices, he uses the same old tricks, talking about secret syndicates, gold share investments, confidential financial systems and the like.

A year or two ago he was wanted by the police in this country for relieving a wealthy man of £10,500, but he managed to flee the country.

Scotland Yard enquiries into the activities of an international crook, recently detained in London, convince the police that this globe-trotting criminal is either in this country again or at least is trying to force an entry.

Anyway, you'll be safe from such rogues as this—he poses as Lionel Henderson, Robert Andrews, J. Laurence Burton, Gordon Mason, Frederick Stewart, and so on—as long as you fight shy of slick, well-dressed, well-spoken strangers who seem to have plenty of money, lots of time and a desire to cultivate your acquaintance in hotel lounges and theatre vestibules.

Mr and Mrs. Burras, unemployed father of an "Exeter" hero, whose home was saved through an appeal to "John Bull"

Exeter Hero's Father Victimised

An unemployed plasterer, father of a twenty-one-year-old stoker killed in *Exeter* in the battle of the River Plate, presented to the King at the instigation of the local council, then given notice to quit his house by this same council as soon as he returned from the investiture because he owed £2 7s. arrears of rent.

This is the story of Wilfred Burras, aged forty-five, of Wright's-avenue, Hele, Torquay, who has been able to remain in his Council house only because his arrears of rent and electricity account have been paid by JOHN BULL.

WILFRED BURRAS, an ex-soldier and the father of seven children, was first hit by the war when building stopped and he lost his job. Unemployment insurance brought him 36s. a week, and his eldest son, Stoker Stanley Wilfred Burras allotted 7s. 6d. a week to his mother.

Even though the parents had a struggle to pay their way, they felt that their financial troubles were insignificant when the Admiralty informed them that Stanley had been killed in the battle with the *Graf Spee*.

Wilfred Burras received a letter of sympathy from the Mayor of Torquay and the Council, followed by a notice from the Housing Department drawing his attention to his rent arrears.

Next came an invitation to attend the investiture by the King and Queen of the *Exeter* and *Ajax* heroes.

With a subsistence allowance of 30s. and travelling expenses paid by the Admiralty, Burras and his wife were able to attend to hear the King's expressions of sympathy.

"The *Exeter* men did a fine piece of work, your Majesty," said Burras when the King spoke to him.

Consoled by the sympathy they had been shown and by Captain Bell's words, "if it had not been for those men we left behind, we might not have come back," Burras and his wife returned home.

Within three days of their return they had a notice from the council to quit their house.

Burras is a hard-working man, when there is work for him to do, and he has a fine record from the last war.

HE served in the army for four and a half years, and through being wounded in the leg one limb is two inches shorter than the other.

He now exists on the "dole" and a few shillings earned by his seventeen-year-old son.

This is a man who served his country bravely, and save his son. This is the man, with his wife and six children, whom the Torquay municipality wanted to eject, because he owed them £2 7s. in rent.

Hearing of his terrible predicament, JOHN BULL made sure that Wilfred Burras would not be turned out of his home by settling his account with the local council.

It was about time that this veteran, who has done so much for his country, learned that the world was not entirely without gratitude.

JOHN BULL wishes him luck—and wishes that it could settle an account of honour with the Torquay Council.

RED PLOTS

Startling Disclosures

No. I. of a series of articles exposing Moscow's methods of spreading Communist propaganda in Britain provides evidence of how Reds corrupt school-children

AS in all countries where Communism takes root, the Red appeal to youth in Great Britain is the foremost aspect of party propaganda, the core of the machine.

And there is a good reason for it. Of all political doctrines, Communism makes the least appeal to the man of mature mind.

The Party's strength must be continually replenished by an influx of youthful members.

"Give us the child of seven and you can keep the rest," said the founder of one of the great teaching sections of a Church.

Stalin and his gang, hating all religions, have realised the profound truth of this claim in imposing their infernal creed of Communism, world anarchy and disruption on the minds of millions.

And they have even enrolled school teachers to spread Communist propaganda among British school children.

The Communist Party of Great Britain has remained absolutely static in its membership for many years.

Other parties have increased, decreased or vanished altogether, but the membership of the Communist Party is virtually the same as when it was first embodied here a dozen years ago.

The explanation is that youthful recruits exactly balance the resignations taking place as soon as members attain years of responsibility and can no longer swallow the Communist doctrine.

In any survey of Communist methods it is essential first to examine their youth organisation.

THE Young Communist League takes the child from "school age."

All party members are told to enrol as many new members from their own families as possible. The Y.C.L. has one of the biggest organisations at party headquarters, with branches in every important town in the country.

Many of these executive leaders are carefully chosen.

Many of these intelligent young enthusiasts for Communism are school teachers.

These "leaders" are more active than those of any other youth movement.

War or no war, their work goes on.

A few weeks ago a JOHN BULL representative visiting a country town in the South of England, which is a reception area for about 2,000 London school children, found that in one small hotel three L.C.C. school teachers, billeted at the State's expense, were avowed Communists.

In answer to a casual question about the difficulties of teaching in an area packed with three times as many children as usual, one of them said, "Oh, we've never bothered about that. If the authorities don't care to provide adequate school accommodation, why should we worry?

"In fact, we are rather pleased about it.

"The present system of sharing teaching hours between our own evacuées and the local children gives us plenty of spare time."

He went on enthusiastically to mention that in their spare time they had held about a dozen Communist meetings in the local market place (this was a strong Tory agricultural town), and "made a lot of converts."

He was most excited about the work done on behalf of the Young Communist League.

"Getting a lot of children here, all in one lump as it were, and with a lot of time on their hands, we have done well with the Y.C.L."

All elementary school teachers are not Communists, but there are many more than you would think.

All Young Communist League leaders receive a detailed syllabus of teaching, laid down by the Communist International in Moscow itself, and they must adhere to its general lay-out. The completeness of these plans might serve as a model for other youth organisations.

These Red teachers are not such fools as to try to cram Marxism down the throats of children. Most "classroom" work must be devoted to "counteracting imperialist tendencies and teaching, which form part of the ordinary school curriculum," says the Moscow syllabus.

CHILDREN are to be told that most of their lessons are "capitalist" lies designed to keep them as "wage slaves," and possibly told so by a "Y.C.L." leader, cynically admitting that he is a school teacher.

The rest of the turgid Communist gospel must be left for later years, for "soil prepared" and minds numb enough to accept perverted Communist economics.

Stress is laid on "games."

But there must be no "team work," and there must be no rivalry between individuals.

Last summer a London branch of the Young Communist League took a crowd of youngsters for "Communist youth games" in the country.

One "game" was to teach "individual skill in such tasks as might be created by a civil war."

While some boys occupied tactically-set posts across a given line of country, others were told to get through this line without being observed.

Others on rambles through a given area of country had to report on the position of telephones and power houses, factories, farms and points that could be held for defence.

To some boys, such games and teaching may be more inspiring than woodcraft.

Older youths are taken care of by more advanced Communist teaching.

The Communist Party makes its cunning appeal to the perennial generosity of youth, its easily awakened sense of social injustice.

AND to youth's love of excitement, of "doing something," even if it is chalking walls with slogans against the displeasure of the police, distributing Communist propaganda outside a West End theatre, or acting as "crowd stewards" at a Communist meeting in an "unsafe area."

The end is the fully-fledged Communist, ready to do his part in the factory and the trade unions.

How he does it, what are his instructions and his aims, we shall explain in another article.

"Sporting Life" Weekly Reappears

THE *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition, now on sale again, contains complete programmes for Easter week racing under Jockey Club, National Hunt, and Pony Club Rules.

"Noted in the Ring," by S.P. Expert; Form Horses, by "Solon"; System Statistics, Football Notes and Selections, and Greyhound Racing on London Tracks are features of value to every sportsman.

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Sell Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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CROCKERY.—120 asstd. articles 10/-, 48 cups, 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J. B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Hound'ditch, London, E.C.3.

SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES, scientifically made. Perfect reproduction. Minimum wear on records. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for radios. 6d. per 100.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, Manchester, 4.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ON PAGE 3

You will be sure to find the bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page you can order with confidence. GRAVES of Sheffield offer fine quality men's suits at small monthly payments. CARDINAL Polish is available in various colours. It colours and polishes. Home Billiard Tables are offered by RILEY from 8/6 down. WM. PENN'S special announcements will interest garden lovers. A new garden scythe and mower sharpener are available at bargain prices. These and many other interesting announcements appear in

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

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YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk, no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 3 and be sure to write to-night to ELSSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

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NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you.—Write, P.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars of advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP.—Men over 21 wanted for Reserved Occupations. Thousands of openings in all branches of Engineering, Government Service, etc. No exp. reqd. FREE details of rapid preparation and employment service for these vacancies from NAT. INST. OF ENG. (Dept. 362), 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it.

Duty Free TO MEMBERS OF THE B.E.F and H.M. NAVY 200 for 4/- 130 for 3/- Post paid, order through YOUR TOBACCONIST

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), Oxford Street, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY; there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive cure for removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 11d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

THROUGHOUT Boots' branches there are more than 2,000 fully qualified Chemists. In some branches there are several chemists "qualified by examination." Apart from these qualifications which the law demands, the "Chemist at Boots" also represents something that Boots have been building up for more than 50 years—their reputation for reliability. He is the guardian of that reliability, not only in the dispensing of prescriptions, but in every transaction, no matter how small it may be. See page 4.

FREE. Send to-day for free 50-page booklet on how to gain new energy and strength. This is offered in the Vitelo announcement on page 34. All you need to do is to send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Products Laboratories, Dept. J.B.f, 128/134, Baker Street, London, W.1.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pelliant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull* to "Vick," Dept. (M.), 210, Blackfriars Rd., Ldn., S.E.1. Send 2d. stp.

ACCEPT this unique Health offer. If you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Yestamin Co., Dept. C.1 (The English Grains Co., Ltd.), Burton-on-Trent, for full-size 6d. tin of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the new yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stp. for postage.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, have a poor appetite, learn how you can gain new vigour by sending for a wonderful free booklet entitled "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Write at once to the Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.95), Watford, Herts, or fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 33.

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! A free trial supply of Curicones, a valuable remedy for all forms of rheumatism, will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* (Dept. J.B.4), Stephen Matthews & Co., Mfg. Chemist, 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Accompanying the trial supply will come a special booklet explaining all about the Curicone treatment.

FREE to *John Bull* readers—a free sample of Brooklax, the wonderful chocolate laxative. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children. Banishes constipation and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are the makers of the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite *John Bull* readers to accept this free trial offer. Simply fill in the coupon on page 24 and send in ½d. stamp (unsealed envelope) or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Westminster Laboratories, Ltd., 4/12 Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

FREE sample of 3 famous Toilet Preparations. Hurry, accept this unique offer of a free trial bottle of "Harlene" Hair Grower and Tonic, a free Cremex Shampoo, and a free bottle of Uron Brilliantine. Send the coupon on page 27 with your name and address, together with 4d. in stamps for postage and packing. Be sure to post to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (H.927), 20/26, Lambs Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

EVERYBODY knows the value of having a sun-lamp in your home. In your own comfort and privacy while you rest or read you simply plug in the lamp and use as an electric light. The Health Ray Sun Lamp not only will give you a real sun-tan all the year round, but it has the power to relieve pain, because its infra-red rays penetrate deeply into the inflamed tissues and nerve centres, which massage, liniments and medicines can only partially remedy. For rheumatism and skin troubles the Health Ray Lamp will prove beneficial. You can test it for seven days free trial and afterwards buy it on easy terms as low as 5/- per month. Take the first step by filling in the coupon on page 29 for full details of the trial offer, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Ray Co. (Dept. J.B.1), 50, Portland Terrace, Southampton.

GARDENING

TWELVE glorious bush roses offered for 5/-, carriage paid. This is only one of the many outstanding gardening bargains offered by Rose Growers, Dept J.B. Dry Drayton, Cambridge.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 66⅔ profit on 5/3 boards at 2d. per punch. Simple 200-hole board 3/9. Illust. cat.—BURDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, London, E.11.

DUTY-FREE cigarettes for members of the B.E.F. and H.M. Navy. You can send 200 Park Drive for 4s., including postage and packing; 130 Park Drive for 3s. post paid. You can order through your usual tobacconist.

GET together and form a War Savings Group in your firm to-day. It's perfectly simple to start a Savings Group in your firm—and it's the soundest way to save for the future! Ask your employers to form a group now—or alternatively, you and your fellow-workers form one amongst yourselves. The weekly sums, no matter what size, that go into Group Savings mean millions a year to the country. They mean that Britain can wield a weapon of overwhelming power to hasten the end of the war. Apply to your local Savings Committee, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1.

FREE! A complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. A book that solves your rationing problems. Send for a copy at once—it's free for the asking. Entitled "The Stork War-Time Cookery Book," it answers all the questions housewives want explained. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Stork Co. (Dept. W.20), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4. Or, if you prefer, fill in and cut out the coupon on page 23.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write to-day, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet D4—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

WORKWEAR, LIMITED, of Mount Vernon, Liverpool, the well-known Overall Manufacturers, have instituted a scheme of "Family Allowances" in order to help their employees with large families to meet the rising cost of living. The scheme will apply to all employees whose pay is under £250 p.a., and the allowance will consist of 5s. weekly for every dependent child in excess of two. The allowance will form no part of employees' wages or salary and will be paid weekly, irrespective of time worked or sickness. Workwear, Limited, employs nearly 1,500 workers in their various factories.

FREE! You must get full details of the new Pilot Little Maestro Radio Receiver—the small set with the really "big set" performance. Light enough to be carried everywhere. Just plug it in and it plays. This unique Radio Set costs only £8 19s. 6d., and can be obtained on special Hire-purchase terms. Take the first step by getting all the very interesting facts. Pilot Simply write, mentioning *John Bull* to Pilot Radio, Ltd., 31/33, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

BY using Sultanas, which are plentiful to-day, you can save on your sugar ration. In many dishes they can take the place of sugar, for Sultanas are rich in natural sugar. They not only flavour, but sweeten, and what is equally important, Sultanas are cheaper than they were before the war. They can be used to sweeten all kinds of milk puddings, boiled or baked, also stewed fruits. A big handful too, for the children when they go off to school or out to play. Sultanas are good energy foods!

DAY BY DAY ANOTHER STEAMER'S CREW COMES BACK TO PORT, MOURNING ITS DEAD AND EAGER TO HAVE ANOTHER SHOT AT THE NAZI PIRATES. THIS IS A PICTURE OF HOW THESE SEAMEN SUFFER

MURDERED— ONE BY ONE..

One minute the coaster was sailing blithely for port, the next she was sinking and the few survivors of her crew were clinging desperately to a sea-tossed raft

Much has been written of the bravery of the coasting seamen carrying your daily provisions up and down the sea lanes; but little has been said of their suffering.

Almost daily crews come into the ports of North Britain nursing a terrible desire to "have another turn," as they say, with a U-boat or a Nazi airman. This bitterness is understandable when you hear the stories behind the limp forms that are taken to hospital beds.

Is the story of young Stig Bergstrom, seaman, does not make your heart beat fast and your pulse quicken, then no experience ever will.

The coaster *Foxen* was making for a British port. A U-boat skipper loosed a torpedo at her.

The ship blew up.

Nine men of the crew, the mess boy, a fireman, the cook, Bergstrom and his brother, and two other brothers managed to launch a raft.

They had time to throw in a pile of overcoats, a box of canned provisions, and push off before the ship went down in a whirl of escaping steam and smoke.

The U-boat made no attempt to save any life. It cruised away, having done its foul deed, leaving the men on the raft.

Darkness hid the murder of the remainder of the crew. No one ever saw them again.

ALTHOUGH the raft was deep, its sides were only about six inches from the surface of the water. Every time a wave swilled against it, water broke over the nine men, drenching them to the skin. It flowed and eddied about their feet.

They huddled together for warmth, pulling the overcoats around their shoulders, miserable, cold, chilled to the bone. Only the splash and surge of the waves broke the silence of the darkness.

Still, they believed they had a good chance of being saved. They scanned every point of the compass. They saw a ship coming towards them; they saw her bulk black against the clouds.

The men yelled themselves hoarse trying to make themselves heard. The ship passed without noticing them.

Dawn came, with leaden skies and hardly a break in the clouds. A cheerless dawn.

Not a ship came to them that day; not a patch of smoke smutted the horizon. Hour after hour passed. The sea tried to upset them.

The wind cut through the clothing they wore, sodden and hard with the salt spray.

One of them wanted to open the tinned provisions.

They broke open the case with trembling fingers. There were tins of eatables, but there was nothing to open the tins.

They tried breaking the tins open by beating them together. The tins bent and dented. They would not open.

That day they went without provisions.

THEY had no water. In the hurry of launching the raft there had been no time to get to the scuttle butt for water. Thirst added to their torture.

The second night came and went.

The dawning of the second day found most of the men lying about the raft, lying against each other, trying to sleep in the gigantic see-saw of the continuous motion of the waves.

Now the raft was in the trough, now she was borne upward to the crest of a billow, and hurled down the sloping side, with the water churning and seething around them.

Try to imagine the constant drive and drift of the waves, the uneasy positions these men had to assume, the desperate hope and despair that haunted them.

There was tinned meat that was useless.

There was no shelter from the wind, no barricade against the waves that broke not only against the raft, but also against their bodies. The raft swirled round and round, driven by the tide, buffeted by the billows.

DURING the third night the cook died.

He escaped from the torment of life with a little sigh.

Half an hour after he died the mess boy fell forward, pitched by a roller into the bottom of the raft. Hands reached for him and lifted him. He was dead.

All night long the frail raft tossed and floated, almost buried in the water. Hail came. Then snow. Then both hail and snow departed, but wind came, wind with a frozen breath.

Ice began to form on the edge of the raft.

Daylight revealed the forms of the cook and the mess boy lying where they had fallen. And the two bodies were frozen.

Then one of the men found a nail working loose on the raft.

He tore at it with his fingers until they bled. He drew it with his teeth.

A nail!

With this nail the survivors managed to open a tin of meat. They ate it ravenously. They opened another. If only there was milk! But there was no milk, no fruit with juice. Only meat.

That day the fireman, overcome by the cold and soaking he had endured, lay down and died.

In the evening a seaman looked piteously at his companions and shivered. That was his death throes.

Their bodies were committed to the sea, the waves carrying them away.

If only the survivors had had something to drink!

Men can live without food. But thirst kills quicker than hunger.

ONE of the men became delirious, begging for water. His mates tried to quieten him, but the seaman rose to his knees and held out his hands towards the sea, trying feebly to catch some of the water.

"Don't touch it," the others whispered. "Don't drink that, old son!"

But he buried his face in a wave, drinking his fill.

He did it again and again.

He laughed with terrible mirth. He was still thirsty after his drinking. He drank to quench his thirst, drinking more and more salt.

He retired to his place for a while, but he was soon up again. And before his companions could prevent him, he dived overboard. He came up just once.

Young Bergstrom saw all this, and turned to his elder brother, but his brother did not seem to know him. He wondered whether his brother was going mad, whether he was already insane.

He stretched out his hand to touch his brother's shoulder—and fell asleep. That was the state of exhaustion in which these men still tarried with life.

Bergstrom woke with a start. A cry came to his ears from the sea. There was his brother struggling weakly within a few yards.

Young Bergstrom saw his brother as in a dream. He stretched out his hands to help him, but his arms seemed paralysed.

"Help!" called the brother.

In hospital, Bergstrom said that it was all a nightmare, something that he could not fathom.

He held out his arms again, he tried to rise, tried to reach his brother. But it was too much. He sank back, exhausted, unable to lift a finger, and he watched his brother disappear.

One moment his brother was there on the waves, calling for help. The next there was no brother, but a smooth wave, and a few ripples, a little foam lacing the gleaming side of the billow.

Bergstrom sank back, unable to weep, unable to think.

The next two days were passed in fits of semi-consciousness, with occasionally fits of terrible reality.

Thirst!

It maddened him.

He must drink, even if it meant death. But he did not drink deeply. He let his mouth touch the waves, moisten his lips, and withdrew it from the alluring waters.

That sip revived him.

He looked round the raft. He alone was alive out of nine that had escaped from the torpedoed ship.

He had been five days on this raft of death when he awoke in daylight to see a ship. He staggered to his feet, waved his arms, fell down on his knees, shouted, but the shout was but a wail.

The ship came nearer.

It was passing him and his raft. If it passed he would die before night came.

Feverishly he seized a piece of sea-soaked cloth, struggled to his knees again and waved. He fell down, but rose again, waving, waving, waving.

His arms could hardly bear the strain of that cloth. His knees ached. He was a mass of pain and weariness.

But he waved.

Then the ship swung round and seemed to be going away from him. Bitterness and frantic agony engulfed him. He clasped his hands as he knelt and cried aloud.

Then the look-out on the coaster saw him.

HE signalled the raft. The ship swung round again, and headed for its tattered burden.

They lifted young Bergstrom aboard.

They put him in hot blankets, they gave him restoratives. They bore him to a port in Scotland.

And there, in hospital, they took care of him. The last of the nine men who had left the ship.

He is recovering. Nursing has saved him.

Now do you wonder at the bitterness of the seamen who bring your food?

Now do you wonder at the joy with which the trawlers, the fishermen, the coasters welcomed the decision of the Admiralty to give them guns to strike back at the Germans who murder and run away?

Continuing the dynamic war-at-sea series "Fishing for Death," here is a poignant story of nine men adrift on a raft told by

STUART MARTIN

- *If you know of an injustice—*
- *Feel that somebody is being penalised—*
- *Feel that you are not getting your due—*

Write to "John Bull" About It!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR by the EDITOR

YOU are wanted!

WE do not intend to waste time discussing the possibilities of any compromise with "Hitlerism," because compromise, which would leave the aggressor with the spoils of his aggression, is only another word for defeat.

Turn instead to our race against time. That is real and vital, even if the so-called "stalemate" on the Western Front is never broken, and the incessant "duels" of ships and aircraft never develop into mighty naval actions or great battles in the skies.

It is a race that may be won or lost on the home front. Speed in production and economic staying power are vital to us.

WE MADE A SLOW START FROM SCRATCH, AND WE HAVE TO PUT A SPURT ON NOW. TO SUGGEST THAT WE ARE ALREADY EXERTING OUR MAXIMUM NATIONAL EFFORT IS UTTER NONSENSE. NATIONALLY WE ARE NOT EVEN INTO OUR STRIDE.

This is a team race, and the politicians are our pacemakers.

The pace isn't hot enough to suit the French. It isn't hot enough to suit us.

JOHN BULL means to tell the Government how to put more lightning into this war.

Nations, as well as armies, have "to fight on their stomachs." This people never lacked "stomach for a fight," yet FOOD is *the* most important of our war problems.

The Nazis know this well.

They lost—and we came near to losing—the last war for lack of food.

Now, by blockade and counter-blockade, we are again trying to starve each other out.

Hence the enemy's complete ruthlessness at sea. Hence his indiscriminate attacks upon all shipping, neutral and belligerent alike. Hence his frantic efforts to stock his own larder.

We must stock Britain's larder faster and more amply.

We must create reserves that place us beyond danger of shortage. We have no time to lose.

Farmers alone cannot hold Britain's Food Fortress. Poultry breeders, fruit growers, allotment holders, housewives—in fact, nearly everyone at home must join up. There is not a moment to lose, so FALL IN! for "John Bull's" great new national campaign

It is no use pretending that all is going well on the home front.

It is vain to suppose ourselves secure because, after six months of conflict, our stocks of food are slightly greater than they were before the war started, and our net loss of tonnage under a quarter of a million tons.

We do not know what the future may hold. We cannot afford to put up any longer

Acrobats Over the Open Sea

As the giant aircraft carrier wallows in the heavy seas, her buzzing fighter-planes swoop, one by one, from the front of the squadron to circle on to the pitching platform that is their floating landing ground.

Hitting the deck without crashing when a vessel is travelling at twenty-five knots in an uneasy sea, whipped into white-capped waves by sharp squalls, is among the most difficult of all jobs to the men of the Fleet Air Arm. In this interview a naval pilot tells a JOHN BULL representative how it feels to make this dangerous landing.

DOWN below is the great aircraft carrier, her broad, steel landing-deck glistening in the sun. Drumming steadily through the clouds, I watch the circus on that platform as the vessel pitches in the heavy swell.

I see the other chaps in my squadron dive to the landing, and they look ridiculously small as they sweep on to the shining deck.

There is a faint sway in each insect-shape as it hits the deck and slackens off into the serried ranks of planes, already safely down.

With barely thirty seconds between them, the planes land on the deck, a steady stream, working with perfect precision.

I know from the "old man's" orders that I've fifteen minutes to wait. The sea looks pretty rough down there. I've landed on wallowing aircraft carriers before, but this is as bad as any.

Static clicking in my earphones gets more persistent.

Bad weather close. Drifts of stealthy mist approach slowly and vanish in a swish.

Still the acrobats perform their astonishing feats down below. A steel platform, ninety yards long and twenty yards wide. The great ship ploughing along at twenty-five knots, with tremendous flanks of water rolling her as she goes.

A line of flies settling on the massive deck in clockwork order.

Ten minutes before I am due to take my place in the descending stream, the wall of mist advances upon us. The ship's bows pierce it and vanish.

A FAINT wriggle from my squadron leader's flippers is the signal for us to close our formation. Vital now to hold my position. The dank mist wipes out everything. I can just make out the planes around me, every one meticulously steady. We depend for speed and course on the squadron leader.

Then comes a message from the ship we cannot see.

"Fog local. . . . Have cleared it now. . . . Slackening speed. . . . Acknowledge."

Two minutes later we burst from shadow into light, to see the aircraft carrier again, her broad, steel platform glistening in the sun. She is heading *exactly* into the wind. One side puff can so easily complicate a landing.

The last machines from squadron number one are getting aboard.

A single-seater fighter swoops and hovers a moment over the rounded stern. The end of the platform is a smooth curve, dipping towards the sea. It rears suddenly, as the fighter drops.

A shrill note from the ship's siren. Something has gone amiss.

The platform goes slipping down a huge wave-flank. The fighter pilot rears away, circles and tries again.

My turn now.

I estimate a wind of twenty miles an hour. The ship is making twenty-five. That means forty-five miles an hour off my landing speed.

Wing slots and similar contrivances make it possible to get a plane down on the aircraft carrier within a few feet of the marked spot. She should go down gently with no bounce or over-run.

The funnel and superstructure, set to one side of the ship, instead of in the middle, are useful guides.

The radio beam is far more useful. Once in that beam a high-pitched buzzing to port or starboard warns me when I get off the best course.

Now I can see all the markings of the deck. The round circle where I should alight; the distances marked out beyond it.

I get out of my parachute harness.

This sea is unusually rough, and if I should finish up in the water, the harness might prove a millstone.

THE ratings are positioning themselves around an opening in the ranks of aircraft already safely down. There's my vacancy.

I follow closely on the heels of the plane before me. Air discipline vital now. Seconds may mean a change of deck angle, one plane settling on another. . . .

Now I am in the radio beam. No buzzing from either side. Must be following the right course exactly. Those waves look nasty. Now the great stern comes lurching up out of them.

Back with the stick. A faint jar. Then the deep slur of wheels running on metal. The brake pedal down as the hook of my plane engages the arresting gear.

Everything safe!

Across the way they are trundling planes into the lift, ready to store below. Mine will go down in due course. I'm aboard again!

with the muddle and inefficiency and waste that have thwarted so many excellent intentions and brought so many well-meaning experiments to naught.

THAT IS WHY JOHN BULL WILL BEGIN PUBLICATION NEXT WEEK OF AN IMPORTANT SERIES OF ARTICLES, "TWELVE POINTS FOR VICTORY."

For weeks we have been making a searching investigation of the national food problem. It has brought to light many astonishing facts, some disturbing, some encouraging, and some frankly deplorable.

We shall publish these facts "without fear or favour," as we always do, and we shall not hesitate to expose scandals wherever they exist.

Yet this is by no means our principal purpose.

What we want, above all else, is to see the National Food Problem tackled with 100 per cent. energy and efficiency.

Our nation-wide enquiry has been conducted throughout with this aim in view.

Our investigators have sincerely sought the co-operation of the various Ministries, Government Departments and Local Authorities concerned.

They have consulted the experts, and they have also gone far and wide to obtain information direct from the farming, industrial and transport fronts.

Their enquiries are almost complete, and their conclusions and recommendations will be vigorously presented in our new series.

The scope of this investigation has been extensive.

Apart from the main questions of production and distribution, we have had to study the serious question of waste.

We also realise that our merchant shipping and our export trade are inseparably connected with our home food supplies.

Heaven knows, we should like to see more "ginger" in the trade drive and faster building in shipyards, but the general public can play little direct part in these matters, and we shall deal with them separately as occasion arises.

OUR "Twelve Points" for victory are therefore confined, in the main, to the production and distribution of food here in these islands.

We have gone closely into every major problem of war time agriculture.

We have surveyed the "idle acres," the undrained land, the fields ravaged by pests and weeds, the supply and payment and conditions of labour, the scope and the limitations of the Women's Land Army, the tragic and scandalous scarcity of feeding stuffs, seeds and fertilisers, and all the economic needs of this vital industry.

Sir Samuel Hoare claimed that the Government expected to complete its programme of ploughing up two million acres.

● *The ploughman is a front-line soldier in this war. They must be mobilised into a vast army if we are to win, and they must be supported by big reserves of allotment holders.*

BUT IT WON'T BE COMPLETED *ON TIME*. OTHERWISE SIR REGINALD DORMAN SMITH WOULD NOT HAVE HAD TO EXTEND THE TIME LIMIT OF THE TWO-POUNDS-AN-ACRE SUBSIDY.

Even when it is completed, we share not only Mr. Lloyd George's fear that the new-ploughed land may not yield adequate crops, but also his conviction that the Government ought to aim at nothing less than the *doubling* of our arable acreage.

We have examined with special attention the prospects and tardy progress of the "dig for victory" campaign, particularly in regard to allotments and private gardens.

More than 1,600,000 men and women had to work on allotments to beat the U-boats during the last war. By the time this one started, a million allotments had been lost to the country.

Now we see that the Minister of Agriculture's somewhat plaintive appeal last Autumn for volunteers to work another half million allotments has met with so poor a response that fewer than 150,000 are actually being cultivated this Spring!

It is not "good enough."

It is not fast enough.

We are lagging in the race for priceless, irrecoverable time.

We ask our readers to form their own estimate of what is being done with Britain's three and a half million private gardens, and how many of these are already planted for victory!

WE could tell you about many of the stupid and *avoidable* impediments to our existing production of war time food supplies; the preposterous prejudices of local authorities against the keeping of poultry or rabbits by council tenants; the waste of good land that might be used; and the "feeding stuff" starvation of little poultry farmers and small-scale agriculturists.

These impediments would be tragic enough in any case.

They are preposterous, as well as tragic, seeing that they could be so easily avoided and the local authorities so easily forced into "line of duty."

We *will* give you in succeeding weeks some staggering instances of sheer food wastage; of troops allowed far more than they can possibly eat; of military refuse dumps burning and destroying thousands of tons of good food and invaluable cattle-feed!

When it comes to the problems of distribution, our nation-wide investigation is no less perturbing.

We have probed not one but a dozen transport muddles. We have seen the paralysing effect of marketing boards upon local enterprise.

We have observed both the benefits and the glaring defects of our "on-again, off-again" rationing schemes; with their inevitable accompaniment of profiteering, racketeering, and sheer blind muddle.

Although we shall give you chapter and verse for all these general criticisms, we assure you again that our nation-wide investigation of the great food problem is *primarily* intended to point the way to greater efficiency and much greater speed.

Potentially this country can set at naught the enemy's utmost threat against its economic life.

We have the man (and woman) power. We have the money.

Beyond all else, we have the resolute will to equal and surpass our utmost efforts in the last war.

If some of our leaders and "pacemakers" do not realise this cardinal fact, we shall simply have to replace them.

For the nation as a whole will not be content with anything less than victory, and it wants complete victory as soon as may be.

Therefore we believe that all our readers will support us in this new campaign for putting more "lightning" into the vital war on the home front.

Argue It Out by *Pallas*

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

IT seems wrong to write of beauty in a man's face. Yet there *is* beauty in the eyes of a man whose mission is to lighten the burden of those that are sad and weary.

I met such a man a few days ago.

He was clad in the simple, brown robe of the Society of St. Francis; his life was pledged to the service of the under-dog.

In Brother Downes's eyes I saw the light of a simple faith and a serenity of soul that I envied.

He works for others; he prays for the afflicted, for the over-burdened, for the maimed and the weak. He prays that those seeking his aid may find courage to endure suffering.

Often he has listened to the cries of those bewildered by the cross that life has thrust on them.

HE has tried to explain, as he tried to explain to me, that men and women are put into this world not for comfort, but for character.

"It is good for us to go through the mill and through faith to find our burdens lifted," he said.

The priest should know.

The material cares of life are not his. He rarely has any money.

His coin is not gold or silver; it is kindliness—and that deep, abiding faith carrying men and women shining and brave through the darkest shadows.

In his ministrations he has come to realise how profound is man's need for spiritual comfort.

And to-day, more than ever, he knows that so many lonely and anxious women are praying for the safety of those they love.

MOST of us are strangers to prayers. We remember them sometimes when emotion overcomes us, when we must express that inner desire of thankfulness or of self-pity.

I prayed—and most men do so—when my wife was safely delivered of a daughter. In times of crisis most of us *do* believe in prayer, believe in the virtue of those unspoken whisperings of the soul.

But, alas! most of us forget to pray when life is kind to us and the happy, sunlit hours flit past, leaving only the soft echo of contentment. We accept readily the blessings which come to us, rarely thanking whatever Divine Being there is for the gentle touch He has laid on us.

Only when the load seems too heavy, or when the peace or happiness we prize is threatened do we remember dimly that greatest of man's spiritual assets—Prayer and the Power of Prayer.

"Deliver us in time of trouble" is the cry of the oppressed, of the hungry, of those in pain and torment.

YET suffering moulds us into finer stuff, and prayer softens us in our regard for others.

Few can pity unless they have suffered. Still fewer can pray in that abiding faith that *knows* that prayers are not in vain.

The simple habit of the Society of St. Francis is a symbol of the simplicity of the faith of its Brothers.

Like all great and sacred things, it has a certain childlikeness.

It mirrors the unclouded purity and innocence of a baby's eyes, and it has great virtue.

In many homes to-night, and every night, prayers are said by the simple believers in a human, majestic creed.

Out of the suffering of the soul, out of the unplumbed depths, comes the call, reminding us of the infinity that is in us.

And Life takes on a new meaning. If only we all had the faith of the man in the brown robe!

***HUMANIST* tackles the problem of the wife whose husband hates her even though she has devoted her life to making his home and helping to manage his business**

HE *Spurns* ME!

I SHOULD like to make two small requests. Don't send me chain letters; and don't send me plaintive anonymous letters. I take no notice of either of them.

Chain letters pour into my postbag and pour with equal rapidity into the wastepaper basket.

Our world is a strange place, but not even the greatest optimists can really believe that they can make a fortune out of copying letters.

They might as well believe that they would make a thousand a year by bowing nine times to the new moon. Yet that is no more absurd than copying chain letters.

Many readers appeal to me without having the courage to give names and addresses. They seem to think their problems are beyond human recognition. They should see some of the letters I receive from persons who are not afraid to confess.

I always open the letters myself; they are always treated in the strictest confidence.

One anonymous letter contained a gift of cigarettes for a reader whose story was published on this page; another young couple sent me some wedding cake because I had helped them.

But I am not alone in suffering from anonymous letter writers.

A man has written to me because someone had been sending anonymous letters to his wife.

"When you read these letters," he says in his letter, "you will imagine what a shock they were to my wife. She did not eat or sleep for 24 hours. All she did was cry.

"Married five years ago, we are devoted to each other.

"My wife is still worrying, although I keep assuring her there is not a word of truth in them.

"I have had nothing whatever to do with any other woman. Somehow I think you will be able to help me out of this mess."

I do not propose to print the letters, but readers can guess that they are the usual "poison pen" accusations. The writer pretends to be in trouble, but since her address is faked, we can only assume that they are sent to make mischief between man and wife.

THE majority of men destroy such letters; it is a pity that the wife cannot do the same.

Still, if the "poison pen" gets too busy the police should be told.

"Poison-pen" writers are usually repressed people of middle age, suffering from nasty delusions. They accuse thoroughly decent people of the most outrageous behaviour.

That the letters are unsigned should be enough to make them harmless, but a suspicion is not easily dismissed. Some people will believe anything.

Meanwhile, a woman wants to know whether she has been too capable or just a fool.

"When we married, my husband started business for himself in quite a big way," she says. "I worked hard, doing the work of a man to save wages and running the home.

"When my husband got into money difficulties my mother made him two loans, the second quite substantial, which were never repaid.

"Finally the business closed down, and my husband found another job. As I was working also, we gradually cleared all debts.

"Instead of appearing grateful for my help, my husband seemed to hate me. Quarrels were many and bitter, but I carried on, although at times my heart felt like breaking.

"He took no interest in the home.

"It was my house, he said, and I could get on with it. He did not realise that it was all for his benefit that I had shouldered so much responsibility. Had I not done so he would have been left without a home or a job.

"I cannot understand why he does not go right away when he has no love for me.

"He has to leave the house at 5 a.m., and I always get up to see that he goes out well fed and warm. I have not shirked my duties in any way. I never go out except to do my shopping.

"Yet not one word of encouragement. He never thinks of giving me a kind word or a kiss.

"I am not a woman who wants a lot of affection, but I do need a little appreciation and a little love if I am to carry on.

"Where have I failed him?

"If I were a weaker woman I would seek happiness where I could, but to me marriage vows are sacred. I would never let him down."

This problem sets me thinking.

IF this man is as weak as he seems to be, he probably resents the wife's ability to succeed where he failed. He may want to feel that he is masterful and protective, but since the woman is the better "man" he feels humiliated.

Failure and humiliation produce an awful sense of being inferior.

Many people harbouring a sense of inferiority turn sarcastic and aggressive.

The man ought to be grateful to his wife and pleased with her competence, but as it hurts his pride he "cuts up rough" in self-defence.

It is possible that he wants to assert himself to someone who has not made a list of all his weaknesses. Perhaps he is seeking escape from a supervision that exasperates him.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

The World's Worst Cook

DEAR HUMANIST:—

"My wife is the world's worst cook. After we were married I thought she would soon learn by practice, but now, after nearly eight years, she is no better than she was at first.

"There is every modern convenience in the home, including a first-rate gas-cooker, plenty of electricity and power plugs, hot water in abundance, coal fires, and a liberal supply of money.

"When I go home at week-ends she makes a cake for me to take back. But, my hat! What a cake! It is doughy, burnt and unpalatable.

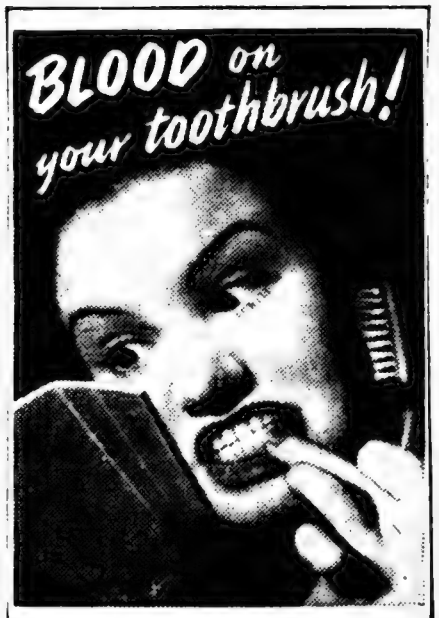
"It's the same with the Sunday joint, and the vegetables are absolutely tasteless.

"Yet before we married my wife attended hundreds of cookery classes and was considered something of an authority on domestic science!

"She has all the cookery books ever printed, and she buys loads of women's magazines."

It is all rather astonishing (writes "Humanist"). The man assures me that he is not fastidious. He has sailed in tramp steamers for years and roughed it in all sorts of places. But he cannot stand much more of his wife's cooking.

The wife must be making some simple mistakes that spoil everything she does. I suggest that she should engage a good cook to watch her at work and "spot" just where she goes wrong.



Look out for your teeth!

Blood on your toothbrush is a danger signal for your teeth. It indicates the presence of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis) — the diseases which undermine your teeth *and* your health. But don't wait till your gums start to bleed. Get Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste today! It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which dentists use in their own surgeries both to prevent and to cure these gum diseases. Use Gibbs S.R. twice daily. Only such regular care can make your gums healthy and keep your teeth sound and white.

Saves your teeth because it's good for your gums

GIBBS **S.R.** TOOTHPASTE

1/3 and now 6D too!

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON

I R 59-759-60

How To Stop Child's Stubborn Cough

Obstinate winter coughs cause so much suffering to children and anxiety to mothers that really sound information on how to deal with them is invaluable. Let a mother, Mrs. Wyatt of East Sheen, tell what she did. "My little girl Sheila developed whooping-cough," she writes. "We were nearly desperate. Then I heard about 'Pineate' and thought I'd give it a trial. The result was instantaneous! The cough eased, and slowly but surely she threw it off."

One dose of 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup will often stop a cough at once. Carefully compounded for children, it contains fragrant essence of pine, menthol, squills, ipecac., tolu, and rich, fresh honey to make it delicious as well as healing. It's wonderfully economical, too—half a teaspoonful makes a children's dose. You can get 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup from any chemist at 1/6 a bottle.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

SPOTTED DICK

Special Economy Recipe

8 oz. plain flour; 4 oz. margarine or shredded suet; 2 oz. brown sugar; 3 oz. currants; little water to mix; 2 heaped teaspoons Borwick's. Sift together flour, salt and Borwick's. Add fat, sugar and fruit. Bind to a stiff dough with water. Boil or steam 2 hours in a greased basin. Serve with a white sauce or custard.

SAVES EGGS SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

4d.140

Food Rationing

need not worry you—
if you make

OVALTINE

the Family Beverage

THERE is no reason why food rationing should prevent your family enjoying a completely nourishing diet. In fact your meals may be made more health-giving than ever before, by the simple addition of a cup of 'Ovaltine.'

'Ovaltine' provides the concentrated nutriment extracted from Nature's best foods. It contains, in scientifically correct proportions, the vitamins, carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts and other essential nutritive elements.

Thus 'Ovaltine' not only makes your wartime diet complete in health-giving nourishment, but it provides the additional nutriment required to build up your resistance against infectious ills, to create abundant energy, and to maintain body, brain and nerves at the highest efficiency.

As a bedtime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' has outstanding advantages. Whatever your condition, 'Ovaltine' gives you the nerve-restoring sleep which you need so much in these trying times.

For all these reasons, make 'Ovaltine' the daytime and bedtime beverage for every member of your family. Owing to its high quality and concentrated goodness, 'Ovaltine' offers you the utmost health-giving value for money.

Important Facts

Why is 'Ovaltine' the most popular tonic food beverage throughout the world?

Why is 'Ovaltine' the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere?

Because the outstanding merit of 'Ovaltine' has been proved by practical experience over many years.

Because 'Ovaltine' is different from other tonic food beverages.

Remember — 'Ovaltine' gives you the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price.

There is no substitute for Ovaltine

P.5318.

TEAM WORK TELLS

Get together and form a War Savings Group in your firm today

Every business organisation is asked to form a War Savings Group **now.** It's easy to arrange. So get one going amongst your fellow-workers, or tell your boss "We want to start a Savings Group right away."

Group Savings begin earning interest immediately. They provide for your future, and for your country's security. They give your country the might and the power to hasten the end of the war.

Apply to your Local Savings Committee or to The National Savings Committee, London, S.W.1

LEND TO DEFEND THE RIGHT TO BE FREE

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

E10

Have Your Own Way!

Like all committees it started by considering what it had done last time. Like all committees it thought that all you need do was to follow the old programmes . . .

ALTHOUGH IN DEMAND THESE DAYS, MEN WITH THE GIFT FOR ORGANISING CONCERTS DON'T ALWAYS AGREE, AS YOU SEE BY THIS STORY BY

WILL SCOTT

SEFTON MAY is a big noise now. Well, you know, he's manager of the London Frivolity Theatre, and his name seems never to be out of the newspapers.

And when I say he's manager I mean he manages.

Big noise?

He's about the only sound. It's old Casey's money.

Casey is behind the Frivolity, but he's a good way behind. He never butts in. There's also a board of directors, but they might as well be made of pot.

"I want," said Sefton May, when he took over the appointment, "my own way. Otherwise—nothing doing."

And he got his own way. But then, he always did.

Even when nobody had ever heard of him outside of Motling Green he got his own way. Having his own way was the one thing Sefton May really believed in.

He jumped a whole lot of rungs to the Frivolity, but he began like most of us at the bottom of the ladder. He began as one member of a committee of ten.

It was in the early months of the war. Somebody thought that something ought to be done about entertaining the troops stationed in the town.

Once a week at the pictures wasn't enough. Besides, the boys wanted something *live*. Time to be up and doing. So somebody got up and started doing.

They formed a committee.

It was the same old committee that was always formed, but it included Sefton May, because somebody had found out that the flower show that May organised in summer had paid better than any flower show ever held in the town.

Like all committees, it started by considering what it had done last time. Like all committees, it seemed to think that if you took your last programme and altered the date at the top you had done a good evening's work.

So they said to start with they'd hold a nice big concert at the Central Hall, with Dulcie Parker as the top of the bill and Joe Muff as the comedian and ——

"Why not the Town Hall?" put in Sefton May.

"The what?" said the committee.

"The Town Hall. It will hold twice the money."

"But," said the committee, "we *always* have the Central Hall."

"That's the point," said Sefton May.

"How do you mean?" asked the committee.

HE told them how he meant, and they looked at each other.

"We'd never fill the Town Hall," they protested.

"*I'll* fill the Town Hall," said Sefton May. "Advertise!"

"We always advertise," they assured him.

"And how!" he retorted scornfully.

"How do you mean?"

He told them how he meant, and they looked at each other again.

"We are afraid," they said then, "that the Town Hall might not be vacant for the night on which we should want it."

"Wait there," said Sefton May.

He left the committee.

The committee looked at each other for a third time. They told each other that this fellow was a live wire and that they were lucky to get him. Of course, taking the Town Hall was a fool of an idea, and, of course, they had always advertised enough, and, of course——

Sefton May rejoined the committee.

"Provisionally booked!" he announced.

"What is?"

"The Town Hall. By me. For us. We've got to close the deal by noon to-morrow."

The committee half-nodded and half-shook their heads.

"Of course, if we don't fill the place ——"

"*I'll* fill the place."

"H'm . . . ."

They put it to the vote, and it was decided to risk the Town Hall. Chiefly, it had to be admitted, because Sefton May said so. He didn't give you time to think.

"Very well," they said with a sigh, "we can at least try. If it's a failure it will be a big one. We've always had the Central Hall. Still. . . ."

They began to draw up the programme.

Dulcie Parker at the top of the bill. Joe Muff as the comedian. The Belle Vue Dancing School. Harry Cave, the local signwriter, with his ventriloquist's doll. Harvey Kell at the piano——

"No," said Sefton May.

"Pardon?" said the committee.

"No," said Sefton May.

"How do you mean?"

He told them.

"We want new blood."

"BUT we *always* have these artists."

"Quite. That's the point. But if I'm running the concert at the Town Hall I want something to draw the money in. I want *names*. Dandy Henry Holbrook at the top of the bill. The Hudson Sisters. Netta Nightingale. Turns like that."

"We'd never get them. Not for one night."

"I'd get them," said Sefton May.

"But we'd have to *pay* them."

"Of course."

"But our local people always appear for nothing."

"The Town Hall will hold the money. You'd show a bigger profit than at the Central Hall with free artists."

But that was too much. They looked at each other and shook their heads. They argued and proved things. They said, very firmly, no.

"The town has seen Dulcie Parker and Joe Muff and the rest of them till it's sick," said Sefton May. "We want something new."

But still the committee said no. Still very firmly.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Sefton May. "I resign from this committee."

And away he went.

FROM that moment the sun seemed to have set. All the life had gone out of the committee. They looked at each other for the twentieth or hundredth time and shook their heads.

"A great pity. He'd have done all the work—a real live wire."

They went home.

They met next day and talked it over. They wrote him a letter. They asked him if he'd kindly attend a special meeting of the committee.

He kindly attended.

"Would you be prepared to carry on, Mr. May," they asked, "if we authorised the engagement of one prominent paid artist——"

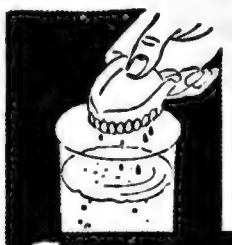
"Gentlemen," said Sefton May, "a programme including Joe Muff and the Belle Vue Dancing School and the

(Continued on page 24)

How easy!

False teeth cleaned while I sleep!

Everyone with false teeth can now keep them perfectly clean and wholesome this new easy way. Merely place them in 'Steradent' solution while you dress—or overnight. It cleans every crevice, completely removes all film and stain, *and sterilizes* dentures. Why not join the millions of regular 'Steradent' users and have your dentures cleaned for you! 'Steradent' is obtainable from all chemists in 1/- and 1/9d. tins.



HOW TO DO IT

Half tumbler warm water. 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under the tap.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Ltd., Hull and London

At Last! An Easy Way to Banish Misery of Catarrh.

No mess, no bother—in ten seconds you can use these new Vick drops and get at the trouble right in the nose, the way doctors do. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. *Feel* it spreading through the hidden passages, clearing away clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, draining the sinuses. Your nose is cool and clear. You can breathe again! Tests by doctors show that used at the first sneeze, Vick-Vatronol even *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 209, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

VICK-VATRONOL

BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

FREE GIFT OFFER

OF 3 FAMOUS HAIR PREPARATIONS!

Readers are invited to try, free of charge, 3 world famous Harlene hair products which are advertised on page 27. Simply attach the special coupon to your name and address, and 4d. in stamps for postage and packing. Turn to p. 27 now and cut out the coupon.

There are 3 Sleep Groups

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks bestows.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood *activate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly — can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW are you taking the war? It's a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy," tired, unable to throw off war worry.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into 3 levels or groups of sleep.

Those who belong to the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active at night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

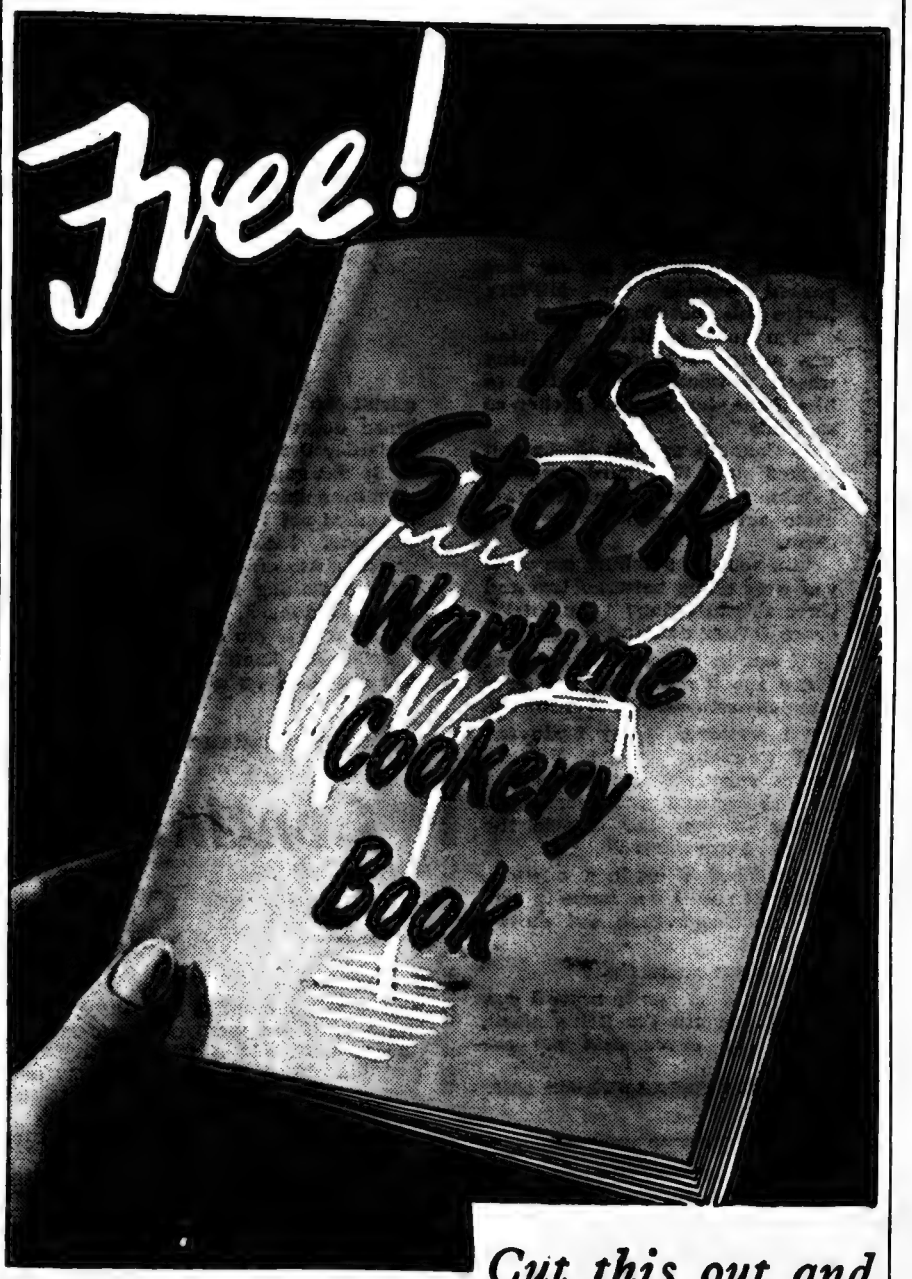
Scientists, experimenting with various foods and drinks, discovered that Horlicks alone completely neutralized those excess acid waste products. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks bestows.

Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep



There are NO FOOD PROBLEMS when you have this book

Because some foods are rationed there's no need to go short of nourishment or to put up with dull and uninteresting meals. With the help of Stork and the new Stork Wartime Cookery Book you will find that meals are not only just as attractive as they were before, but just as nourishing. And using Stork for spreading as well as for cooking ensures that you get your full supply of the essential Sunshine Vitamins A and D. Get your copy of The Stork Wartime Cookery Book right away! Remember — it's FREE!

Cut this out and post today

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "The Stork Wartime Cookery Book," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company (Dept. W206) Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Important Announcement

In recent months the name of Stork has been on the lips of every housewife in the country. Its wonderful popularity has grown still wider; more and more Stork is wanted everywhere. To meet this enormous demand the manufacturers are working day and night without ceasing. Raw materials are controlled however, and in fairness to everybody all the Stork produced is being evenly distributed throughout the country.

STORK MARGARINE

Wins your favour with its flavour

JSC 4-66-65

THREE-MINUTE MYSTERY

ROBBERS in the STORES!

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of the Military Intelligence, stopped his car outside a dilapidated old house.

"You're sure this is where Lambton lives?" he asked of the young soldier sitting beside him.

"I'm certain. I used to know him before I enlisted."

"And you're sure his car was parked outside the Military Stores this morning?"

"I'm quite positive. Lambton was sitting behind the driving wheel. I would have spoken to him if the storm hadn't broken so suddenly."

As Connolly and his companion walked up the garden path, Lambton, a short, thick-set man, came out of the house to meet them.

"Do you mind telling me what you were doing between two and three this morning?" the Intelligence Officer demanded.

"I was in bed asleep; not that I can see it's any of our confounded business!" said Lambton.

"It certainly *is* my business," said Connolly. "The Military Stores was robbed between two and three, and you were seen sitting in your car outside the Stores at two-thirty."

"Somebody's made a mistake. It wasn't me. I was home in bed. My car hasn't been out during the night."

"Can you prove that?"

"I've got no one to prove I was in bed, because I'm living alone, but I *can* prove that my car wasn't out. It's broken down. It broke down just as I returned yesterday evening.

"It was such a fine day that I went for a spin in the country, and it conked out just as I got inside the gate. I discovered that the oil sump was cracked, and all the oil was leaking away. I left it where it stopped. You can have a look at it if you like."

Following Lambton to where the car stood on a level stretch of the drive, Connolly peered at the crank-case.

The wet earth underneath the car was covered by a large, rainbow-edged pool of oil that had seeped through a crack in the crank-case.

"You're lying!" he said when he stood up again. "You helped rob the stores!"

HOW DID HE KNOW THAT LAMBTON WAS ONE OF THE THIEVES?

(*See page 28.*)

"You're lying" said Captain Connolly; "you helped to rob the stores."

Continuing Will Scott's Short Story

rest is, in my opinion, something out of the Ark. I *am* prepared to carry on, and to work like a slave at this concert, but only if I am to have my own way. We might as well understand each other."

The committee went into committee and came out of committee beaten.

"All right," they said. "Have your own way."

And Sefton May had it.

The next day the Town Hall was booked and two days later big posters began to appear on the walk.

BUMPER CONCERT
organised by
SEFTON MAY

STAR ARTISTS

The bills went on to say that men in uniform would be admitted at half-price, and that all profits would be devoted to the local Army canteen.

Which began to sell the tickets from that moment.

"We believe," said the committee, "that you're going to make a hit of it."

"I *know*," said Sefton May, "that I'm going to make a hit of it."

Later that night, alone with his wife, he went into details.

"If you leave anything to fossils you get fossilised results. There's only one thing to be done in a hole like this. Have your own way. Insist on it or get out. They'd have put on the same old show—something fit for a village barn. Not for me. I'm going to show 'em!"

"I believe, dear," said his wife, "you'll get on."

"Leave that to me!" said Sefton.

ON the great night, in the interval, Sefton May escaped for ten minutes to his favourite corner in the private lounge of the County Hotel to find his favourite corner already occupied by a heavy man.

"Mr. Sefton May?" inquired the heavy man.

"That's my name," Sefton May admitted, wondering who on earth the heavy man was.

"What will you have?"

"That's very nice of you." May ordered a Scotch and soda.

"I'm over the road, seeing your show," said the heavy man.

"Really? I hope——"

"And thoroughly enjoying it."

"Oh."

"My name's Casey," the heavy man added.

Casey? Not *the* Casey? Head of the Casey chain of halls?

"Not *the* Mr. Casey?" said Sefton May.

"I may have got on, but I'm still a modest man," replied Casey. "I don't know about '*the*.' But if you mean do I run the Casey Halls, the answer's Yes."

"Im surprised——" began Sefton May. And stopped.

"I know what you were going to say," said Casey. "You were going to say that you are surprised to find me spending the night in a hole like this."

"Well . . . ."

"WHEN I look for talent," Casey proceeded," I get *out*. The talent in London is already *bought*. The provinces are the market. Luckily my rivals don't see that. I've been looking at your advertising. I've been noticing the way you're running the programme. I've been observing the way it *fits*."

"I see."

"You in the business?"

"Professionally, no."

"I want a manager for one of my smaller suburban halls. There's not a lot of money in it, but it's a start. Care to come up to town and talk about it?"

"I'd be delighted," said Sefton May.

"I had my eye on you during the first half," said Casey. "I believe you're a man who likes his own way and sees that he gets it?"

"I'm afraid I am."

"That's the type for me," said Casey. They had another drink.

"Do you know what brought me into your Town Hall to-night?" Casey asked, at once supplying the answer. "The names on the bill. If they'd been stars I'd have passed on to another town. I've *seen* the stars. But with a bunch of unknowns you never know when you're going to strike lucky."

"There *was* some talk of getting stars down," said Sefton May. "But, of course, one's booked up, another's ill, a third's broadcasting, and a fourth wants too much money. So—well, you see how it is."

"Quite. And perhaps it's lucky for both of us that it *is*. Otherwise I shouldn't have been in the hall to-night." Casey pulled a creased programme out of his pocket and looked at it. "Dulcie Parker. Joe Muff. The Belle Vue Dancing School. Harry Cave . . . . Never heard of them. Still, it's a nice little show. And I *shall* hear of you. Friday? Eleven o'clock?"

And to-day, as everybody knows, he's manager of the London Frivolity.

And down in Motling Green the same old fossilised committee are still organising the same old fossilised concerts, featuring Dulcie Parker and Joe Muff and the Belle Vue Dancing School and the rest.

They do it for love, which means nothing.

Sefton May gets two thousand a year, for it.

SUFFERERS CAN
BANISH CONSTIPATION OVERNIGHT!
—with wonderful BROOKLAX CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE. It is safe and easy to take—just a piece of delicious chocolate. Highly recommended by doctors and nurses for adults and children, it goes right to the root of the trouble—the intestines—where Constipation actually occurs, and gives gentle, thorough relief. So convinced are we that you, *too*, will find BROOKLAX a wonderful discovery that we invite you (if you have not tried it before) to do so—at our expense. See coupon below.

BROOKLAX
CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE
British—Sold only by Chemists
2d, 6d & 1/3
Free SAMPLE
if you have not already tried BROOKLAX
COUPON
To WESTMINSTER LABORATORIES, LTD., 6-12, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1. J.B. 30.3.40
Name.....
Address.....
.....
Write in CAPITALS please—½d. stamp, unsealed envelope
BROOKLAX

Indigestion...
TRIPLE-ACTION REMEDY
BALANCED INGREDIENTS
QUICK RELIEF . . .
GUARANTEED

THE treatment of indigestion has undergone a complete change. Triple-action treatment, because it corrects the cause, assures you of quicker and more lasting benefit. To-day you have available to you a triple-action remedy with no less than seven balanced ingredients. This triple-action remedy, De Witt's Antacid Powder, gives *quick relief* from indigestion, heartburn, stomach pains and wind because:—

★ **Firstly,** De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises the excess acid that is causing flatulence, heartburn and inflammation of the stomach lining.

★ **Secondly,** Colloidal-Kaolin and Bismuths soothe and protect the inflamed stomach lining. Thus the stomach is given a chance to regain its proper state of health while allowing the ordinary process of digestion to go on.

★ **Thirdly,** to make sure of permanent relief, one ingredient, Malt-diastase, actually digests part of the food and relieves the weakened stomach.

Now you can understand why *triple-action* De Witt's Antacid Powder is actually guaranteed for indigestion. The 1/6 canister of this triple-action remedy for indigestion and stomach troubles contains over 36 doses, so that it is the most economical as well as the most effective you can possibly have.

DE WITT'S *the triple-action* **ANTACID POWDER**

Obtainable from all chemists, in large sky-blue canisters, price 1/6, double size 2/6.

SPRINGTIME BABYSNAP! — taken by W. G. Briggs, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P., past-president of the Institute of British Photographers, *who uses Selo Films. You* can't do better. Selo Films have extra speed for difficult light and extra latitude for exposure errors. They are British made by Ilford Limited for every make and size of camera.

SELO FILMS

Extract from WAR OFFICE ANNOUNCEMENT: "Generally there is no ban upon the carriage of cameras in public places by persons other than enemy aliens, who would require a permit for this purpose. It is not forbidden to photograph views or objects except those expressly prohibited items contained in the Orders." 7.2.40

Bacon or hash, sausage and mash,
War'fare's' improved with a generous dash.

SAYS Master O'Kay

MASON'S O.K SAUCE

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"You can't be too careful, I always say. Little scratches and cuts can be dangerous. And that's why we use Family Health Soap every day" *says Mrs. Harty*

There was that young messenger lad only last week—

1 He fell off his bike and came an awful cropper. But "Oh, its nothing" he said "Skinned my knee, that's all"

2 "Humph! That's all" I said "You are in a nice mess, young man. Come inside and let me wash some of that dirt off with Family Health - it doesn't do to run risks with dirt."

3 He stopped me in the street yesterday to thank me. "I like that soap," he said "I always use it now" "That's good," I said. "A regular daily wash with Family Health doesn't give the germs a chance"

Mrs. Harty is right! Little cuts and scratches have a nasty way of going septic unless you wash them thoroughly with Family Health Soap. Wash with this good red soap regularly—it's the best protection you can have against dirt infection.

THE FAMOUS HEALTH SOAP IN A NEW HYGIENIC WRAPPER

STILL ONLY **3d**

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JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

TEN MILLION MEN

PROVE DAILY

BRYLCREEM

is the perfect Hair Dressing

NO GUM...NO SOAP...NO SPIRIT...NO STARCH

IN HANDY JARS, BOTTLES AND TUBES **1/-**

Larger bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10.

reyds 7108

The five guineas for this week's reader's story goes to **Miss R. M. KELSON**, of Golders Green, N.W.11, who tells how unmentionable war time weather brought romance to her life. If you have a similar story, send it to JOHN BULL with a stamped addressed envelope. Five guineas is paid for each story published.

We tried again to shift the car, but nothing would move it that night. I was stuck there for good. . . .

A LAND GIRL LANDS A JOB

YOU will not readily associate romance with a snowdrift seven feet deep and a five-degrees-below-zero temperature at the height of the Great Freeze!

Neither did I—at the time.

But a mishap to my baby car in these frigid conditions was the beginning of a completely new life for me.

Just what that means to Bill and me and why he calls me his "shining light" and his "reward for services rendered," you will understand if you read the story, at which we now laugh.

It was far from a laughing matter at the time.

During the Great Freeze I left my flat in Golders Green, London, to spend a short holiday with my uncle and his wife near Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire.

I travelled in the small car which I managed to run on my modest private income.

I have lived all my twenty-five years as a town girl with the usual crowded pleasure-round of cinemas, theatres, dances, parties.

It was not easy to escape from the rut of confirmed habits when the City firm by which I was employed closed down in September.

WITH 20,000 of the 25,000 girls who volunteered for the Land Army, my services were not wanted, and the rural holiday with uncle was the next best thing to getting away from it all.

Eventually I set out on my return to Golders Green under weather conditions that made the journey extremely foolhardy.

All went well on the main road, but instead of entering London by the Epping route, I chose the short-cut across country to North London through Waltham Cross.

I was soon in difficulties.

Along the narrow winding roads single tracks had been cut through snowdrifts five and six feet high, with additional clearings every few hundred yards to allow two vehicles to pass.

Things became decidedly ominous when I passed cars buried in the towering drifts of snow.

Finally I almost collided with the charred mass of a lorry that had overturned and caught fire.

A mile or so farther on I came to a stretch of common land that I knew well as a beauty spot of undulating green.

Now it was an unbroken vista of white with the narrow vehicular tracks hardened into skiddy surfaces by thirty-seven degrees of frost.

Snowdrifts rose on either side above the roof of my car.

Suddenly I came to a sharp bend in the track, and as I attempted to turn sharply my car went into a skid, swerved round at right angles, slipped backwards into a ditch, and buried its rear part in a drift that I afterwards found to be seven feet four inches high.

IT would have taken seventy instead of seven h.p. to budge that car.

I tried to push the snow clear of the rear wheels, but more tumbled down.

I was frantic.

I had no gum-boots.

Clad in ordinary shoes I trudged hundreds of yards in either direction in the hope of finding help, but there was not a dwelling in sight.

When darkness came on I removed the black-out shield from the headlamp so that the blaze of light would at least warn any driver coming round the bend of the obstruction in his path.

Utterly numbed with cold, I was wondering whether there was any alternative to spending the night in the car when a cyclist swerved round the bend and almost tumbled off his machine.

"YOUR light . . . black-out," he began to mumble, and then he realised my predicament.

"I must help you out," he said.

We tried again to shift the car, but nothing would move it that night.

My knight-errant explained that he had a small farm, and when he encountered me he was going on duty as a special constable.

For four months he had been busy looking for lights in the black-out two hours a night, two or three nights a week, after his day's farming.

A dreary, thankless, unpaid task, with nothing as romantic as rescuing a girl in distress!

I felt a profound respect for the young man I now affectionately call Bill. But at the time we did not even ask each other's names.

He suggested that the only thing was for us to leave the car where it was till the morning (no traffic would venture along the track in the dark) and for me to stay the night at his farm, where his mother would look after me.

I agreed.

We dug the car out next morning, but a week passed before conditions improved sufficiently for me to undertake the journey back to London.

In those days Bill and I got to know each other.

Before I left, he called me his "reward" for the "nothing - ever - happens - except - that - people - think - you're - a - confounded - nuisance" evening when the "special" is on his lone country beat.

Three times that week Bill did his two hours in the icy bleakness of the Great Freeze, looking for lights in a neighbouring village.

Each day he worked hard on his farm.

He has dairy cows, pigs and poultry, and is fortunately well enough off in these difficult days to be a farmer by choice and not necessity.

I suggested, more in fun than seriousness (it's Leap Year, you know), that he should also be able to afford a Land Girl!

And now I am going back with him, but not as a Land Girl.

As a Land Wife!

BACKACHE

"Every Picture tells a Story."

BACKACHE, rheumatic pains and disorders of the urine often occur when strain, worry or a cold, chill or fever has overtaxed the kidneys.

WHEN your vital filtering organs clog up or weaken, the whole system suffers. Tissue wastes and acids from your food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes of which these organs are composed can do their work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

By "Poolex"

SINCE war time regional competitions started, draws have been so scarce that they are extremely hard to find. Even newspaper experts, who can give us a lead, are not successful at finding the "x's."

I have tested a number of systems in the last few months, but as I am not really satisfied with any of them, I do not yet propose to advise punters.

But I can help in permuting the selections you make. Most punters will be familiar with the method of combining three draw selections in four columns, thus:—

x	x	x	-
x	x	-	x
x	-	x	x
-	x	x	x

This is a perfectly sound method, but if you make more than one error, you can't win. Compare this with the following permutation covering eight selections:—

x	x	-	-
x	-	x	-
-	x	x	-
x	-	x	-
-	-	-	x
-	-	-	x
-	x	-	-
-	-	-	x

This will give a winning column if any six out of eight selections are draws. Both the above permutations require the same standard of accuracy before a win is *guaranteed*. In the case of the first one, three out of four must be correct, while with the second permutation a win is guaranteed with six right out of eight, which is the same proportion.

The second one scores because a win is *possible* (not guaranteed) with as many as five mistakes. In other words, the eight-match permutation gives us some extra chances.

In the same way the 10-match table (reproduced below) is recommended for a larger entry. A winning line is *guaranteed* if any six of the selections are draws. If you manage to get five correct the chance of a win is roughly one in six; with six or even seven mistakes you would still have some chance of winning.

x	x	x	x	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
x	-	-	-	x	x	x	-	-	-	-
x	x	-	-	x	-	-	x	-	-	-
-	-	x	-	-	x	-	-	x	x	-
-	-	-	x	x	-	-	-	x	x	-
-	-	x	-	-	-	x	x	-	-	x
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-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	x	-	x
-	x	-	x	-	x	-	-	-	-	-
-	-	-	-	-	-	x	x	-	-	-

Nerves and Stomach Trouble

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

In anxious days of worry and nervous strain it is not surprising to find indigestion on the increase. Few people realise how intimately the nervous and digestive systems react upon each other. Worry and anxiety make undue demands upon the body's reserves; the appetite fails, and the stomach then turns "sour," producing an excess of acid—that is how "nervous dyspepsia" starts. To remedy the pain and distress it is necessary to neutralise this excess acid, and for this purpose my own recommendation is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises excess acid, checks nervous dyspepsia, and promotes general well-being.

Note. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is obtainable at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

SILF

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust - 8 ins.
Reduced Hips - 6 ins.
Reduced Waist 9 ins.

Grateful Lady says—
"I thought you would be interested to know that your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8 st. 7 lb. My measurements were:—Bust, 42 ins.; Hips, 42 ins.; and Waist, 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust, 34 ins.; Hips, 36 ins.; and Waist, 25 ins.; so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE STOUT
—no need to starve yourself, take dangerous drugs, nor pursue body-straining exercises. Just take SILF Brand OBESITY TABLETS—the SURE and safe way to SLIMNESS. 'SILF' improves your health as it also keeps your weight down. Guaranteed harmless. All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per-box, or post free by sending the price to

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept 466).
33, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.1.
(These prices do not apply to Eire.)
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Spring clean your system

You clear the murk of winter from your house—clear also clogging waste from your system. Fynnon Salt wakes a lazy liver, flushes the kidneys, dissolves uric acid, cleanses the blood. Fynnon is like spring sunshine—it gives life a new sparkle. Large tins of Fynnon 1/3. Take the Spa cure at home and be

Fit as a Fiddle on FYNNON

NEW 6d. TRIAL SIZE
With this new trial size you can test Fynnon Salt for a most trifling outlay.

FYNNON LTD., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

'HARLENE' HAIR-DRILL

HARLENE HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

Whether you are a man or woman, if you are troubled by falling hair, approaching baldness, scurf, dandruff or any other hair trouble, you should commence "Harlene-Hair-Drill" without delay. Then you will at once begin to see your hair growing daily more healthy, luxuriant and abundant. Remember "Harlene" has stood the test of time—over 50 years' reputation. Price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

From chemists and stores all over the world.

ONE MINUTE A DAY FOR HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Post Coupon below for
3 FREE GIFTS
and Manual of Instructions.

CREMEX SHAMPOO

Delightfully refreshing and super cleansing. Free Burnishing Rinse, 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos. (Single Sachets 3d.)

UZON BRILLIANTINE

Imparts that final polish and finish. In liquid or solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

Above prices do not apply in Eire.

SAMPLE COUPON

Send this coupon with your name, address and 4d. stamps for postage and packing for samples of Harlene Hair Grower, Cremex Shampoo, Uzon Brilliantine and the "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instructions.

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (B 127). 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

CAPENSIS

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

THE MONSTER TOILET ROLL FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

·GUARANTEED 100% PURE and crinkled for extra softness.

Made only by THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO., LTD., HACKNEY WICK, E.9.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lustrawasher adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Resist Pedals, Free Wheel and Fixed Sprocket, Calliper Brakes, Middlemore's Resist Pattern Saddle, narrow steel Mudguards, Nickel all Rad. containing Accessories. Ladies' or Gent's. £6:6:0 or 10/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

10/6 Deposit Balance 10/6 monthly or Cash NOW as desired.

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blosts up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 2/-.

but WRIGHT'S can!

The foamy antiseptic lather carries away dirt, leaving the skin refreshed and smooth, fragrant with health, safe against chance infection. ALWAYS USE

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
THE SAFE SOAP

WAR ON DINGY TEETH

MAGNESIA BEST FOR WHITENING TEETH

Sound, white teeth are half the battle for good health. Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay, germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. **And if you have a relative or friend in the services at home or abroad include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel; you will be thanked for this thoughtfulness.** Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., and 1/6 a tube.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FREE COOKERY BOOK!
Every housewife should get a copy of the latest Cookery Book "The Stork Wartime Cookery Book." It's Free! It will solve your rationing problems. It's a complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. Simply fill in and post at once the Coupon on page 23.

Bat Nelson in action was the nearest thing to perpetual motion the ring has ever seen

A. W. HELLIWELL

describes three dramatic toe-to-toe fights that put Battling Nelson, Danish non-stop slugger, among the Giants of the Ring

THE DURABLE DANE!

OLD Man Nelson proudly eyed the kicking infant. The small face was puckered in a scowl; the tiny fists were throwing punches in all directions.

"Say, look at this kid," said Nelson. "He's going to be a scrapper. I think we will call him Battling."

No baby could have had a more prophetic christening. Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson, his mother had a share in the name, was to become lightweight champion of the world and the wealthiest pugilist of his day. He never stopped punching or took a single step backwards from bell to bell.

Henry Armstrong, the "Human Buzz-Saw," is his modern counterpart, but not even Homicide Hank can approach within a mile of Nelson's incredible capacity for taking punishment.

That was the secret of his success. **He made a fortune out of being tough. He possessed an iron jaw and a rugged body that might well have been fashioned from seasoned teak. The fiercest blows made little impression on it.**

Only once in fourteen years was the Durable Dane knocked down.

In the evening of his great career, after meeting such murderous punchers as Terrible Terry McGovern, Joe Gans, Young Corbett, Hyland and Herrera, he fell to little Owen Moran, stocky scrapper from Birmingham, England.

It was the biggest boxing sensation in years. Battling Nelson's toughness had become a legend.

Nelson's three sensational clashes with Joe Gans, the Black Panther, one of the cleverest of all coloured fighters, were sufficient to earn him a place among the Giants of the Ring.

If he had never fought another fight he would still be remembered.

AT the age of twelve this extraordinary light-weight broke both arms, and the doctor said he would always suffer disability.

The left arm never did mend properly, but the fighting Dane still managed to deliver a tremendous punch with it.

At fourteen he was undisputed champion of the ice-packing sheds in the little American town of Hegewisch (his family crossed from Copenhagen to the States when he was a baby), and his name first appears in official boxing records as conqueror of Wallace's Kid in one round.

This boxing-booth pugilist, a huge, broadshouldered ex-heavy-weight, toured with a circus, challenging all-comers to win five dollars by going three rounds with him.

Imagine young Oscar Nelson, a fair-haired, blue-eyed stripling of fourteen, having the audacity to step into the same ring with the Man-Eating Terror of the Ring.

Almost the whole population of Hegewisch tried to cram into the tent to watch. Those unable to gain admittance waited outside to learn the result.

The Nelson family had been among the first to arrive in the town when it was little more than a collection of log huts scattered along the fringe of the swamp. And the Danish boy was a great favourite.

FRIENDS shook their heads sadly when they set eyes on the giant.

Young Battling met the Terror's first rush with a left as rigid as a ramrod. Stepping in, he hooked a right to the circus champion's chin.

Bat Nelson's ring career had started with a one-round victory.

Ten years later, having claimed the world title after whipping Jimmy Britt, he ducked under the ropes for his fight-to-a-finish with Joe Gans in the mining camp of Goldfield, Nevada.

That contest put Goldfield on the map.

It was a wild town of 2,000 inhabitants in the heart of the desert, but the attraction of seeing Gans and Nelson in the same ring brought 8,000 sportsmen from all parts of the world to the fight.

Shrewd Tex Rickards, promoter of the fight, made a fortune.

It was a battle between two men whose styles were Poles apart. Gans, the stylist, a cool and calculating fighting machine whose skill and judgment of distance and timing bordered on the uncanny; Nelson, a non-stop slugger fighting after the fashion of a cyclone let loose, scorning science and placing his faith in his terrific strength and tireless endurance.

For the first half of the fight, the coloured wizard made rings round Nelson. Master of every move in the game, he calmly evaded the Dane's rushes.

Again and again his left jabbed into Bat's face, while his footwork carried him in and out of distance as he drove lefts and rights to Nelson's body.

But the Durable Dane kept boring in, walking after his man all the time.

It must have been heartbreaking to hit Nelson as hard as you could and watch him grunt, grin faintly, and come for more!

In the end even the Black Panther wore himself out.

As he grew weary, the Dane began to catch him more often with punishing half-arm punches that had smashed so many opponents into semi-paralysis.

His brain numbed, his sense of timing fogged, Gans found it increasingly difficult to avoid Nelson's onslaughts.

Soon he was reeling weakly on groggy limbs, while the white man, apparently unaffected by terrible punishment, chased him from corner to corner.

After forty rounds, the Black Panther was virtually out on his feet. While he lacked Battling Nelson's abnormal toughness, he still possessed a champion's heart.

Two rounds later, Nelson, his superhuman vitality unimpaired, was slugging the negro when he saw an opening for his favourite devastating half-scissor hook to the liver with which he had dropped so many opponents.

The blow travelled less than six inches, yet Gans collapsed. The referee started the count, but his voice was drowned by cries of "Foul."

Crossing to the negro, he awarded him the fight, while Bat, wiping his bleeding lips with the back of one glove, watched in astonished silence.

Firmly convinced that he was the master of Gans, Nelson chased him for a return.

When they met again in San Francisco, Battling made no mistake.

Setting a crackerjack pace from the start, he overwhelmed Gans in a hail of flying leather. All the negro's skill, all his cunning and all his strategy were useless.

Ignoring Joe's stiffest punches, Nelson kept walking in.

He was remorseless, invincible in strength and energy, and gradually he hammered Gans closer and closer to insensibility.

In the seventeenth round the Old Master lacked even the strength to raise his hands, and as he stood swaying helplessly Nelson dealt him a final smashing left.

Champion of the world again, the Dane gave Gans an opportunity to win back the title. Two months later, the two clashed for a third time at "Sunshine" Jimmy Coffroth's club in Colma, California.

NELSON had been annoyed by stories that their second fight had been framed. He showed the gallant negro no mercy, battering him to a standstill in twenty-one rounds.

The Old Master was then a veteran of nearly thirty-three, while Nelson was several years younger.

As they carried Gans to his corner he whispered that he would never fight again.

He made one more appearance in the ring against Jabez White in New York six months later. He died in the following year.

Mystery Solution

(See page 24)

IF Lambton's story was correct, his car must have been standing in the drive all night. The ground underneath it would have been *dry!*

Yet Connolly saw that the ground underneath the car was wet.

Lambton's alibi was false.

Is Your Life TORTURED with RHEUMATISM

She Might Have Saved Herself 16 YEARS of SUFFERING

Here is an account of a wonderful experience and grateful relief from suffering which must interest every sufferer from Rheumatic Aches or other Pains. Had Mrs. Parsons known before what to do she would have saved herself 16 years of pain. Her experiences should act as a timely warning as well as a beneficial guide to all who are martyrs to Rheumatism or Bodily Aches and Pains.

Mrs. Parsons, you will read, had already tried too many 'remedies' to enumerate before she very wisely took a friend's advice.

"I have suffered for 16 years with pains and a swelling in the knee—making walking very painful and difficult. I have had electric treatments, tried numerous liniments, attended clinics and too many remedies to enumerate. A friend strongly advised me to try Elliman's. I got a bottle and rubbed it well into my knee twice a day. The pain grew easier and I have continued this treatment ever since and can now walk in comfort I will certainly continue to use your marvellous preparation."

MRS. PARSONS.

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

There's a very sound reason for this phenomenally successful Treatment. As you rub Elliman's penetrates right into the skin to carry the healing and soothing aid of lubrication to the underlying tissues. As you continue to rub rich blood is stimulated to surge through the deep lying tissues and wash away the accumulations which are the cause of the trouble.

Don't You Suffer Another Day Longer

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATIONS

For Human Use 1/3, Medium Size 2/-, Large 4/-
ROYAL (for Animals) Medium Size 1/6 Large 2/9

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Elliman Sons & Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Send at once for your SAMPLE of BROOKLAX the Chocolate Laxative —it's FREE

Name .....

Address .....

HOMELESS

IN the dead of night, when all were peacefully asleep, a smouldering cinder had fallen noiselessly on the hearth-rug . . . and now, in the cold light of dawn, they gaze bitterly on the blackened ruins of what only yesterday they had proudly called their home. The menace of fire overshadows every household. Think what a generous cheque would mean to you in such circumstances! "John Bull" safeguards your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM and FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY AND HOUSE-BREAKING up to £500. ETC., ETC., ETC.

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at Lloyd's

FOR EVERY READER

Benefits ranging up to £200 will be paid for death or injury as defined, caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

★ ★ ★

Secure the DOUBLE protection which "John Bull" offers, immediately. You cannot afford to delay. Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 30 3 40.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't wait a minute. A Form is waiting for you at your Newsagent's and registration will be quicker if the Newsagent's address is entered here.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30 3 40.

GOOD NEWS for SPORTSMEN!

"The Sporting Life" WEEKLY EDITION [illegible]
Saturday, 2d. [illegible]
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Make sure of your copy every Saturday—

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regular supply of "Sporting Life" WEEKLY EDITION

The Sporting Life WEEKLY EDITION

For 'Active' Service!

WHAT A "JOHN BULL" READER says:—

"I purchased a 'John Bull' pen from you 12 years ago and use it every day. It is the best pen I have ever used."

H. H. P., Colne Wells.

Cash the Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

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Address — JOHN BULL, PEN DEPARTMENT, 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d.

WORLD FAMOUS

"HEALTH RAY"

(DUAL PURPOSE—PATENTED)
ULTRA-VIOLET or INFRA-RED RAYS

Improve Your Appearance 100%

SUN-TAN, ROBUST HEALTH AND FITNESS FOR ALL

ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

will give you a WONDERFUL TAN and increase your VIGOUR and VITALITY.

INFRA-RED RAYS

for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, and almost all known forms of disease.

Test the Health Ray for 7 days at our expense. The Health Ray is made for home use. Simplicity and ease of operation make it the ideal lamp for the family.

PRICE 70/- COMPLETE | CHROMIUM PLATE FOR LIFETIME SERVICE. 5 YEARS' GUARANTEE. | OR 5/6 PER MONTH

★ OVER 1,600,000 USERS ★

INFRA-RED and RADIANT HEAT LAMPS OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM HEALTH RAY CO.

DON'T WAIT—POST COUPON NOW

Health Ray Co. (Dept. J.B.1), Southampton.

Send me full details of your special FREE TRIAL OFFER of the Health Ray for Home Use.

Name .....

Address .....

SAVE YOUR HAIR!

In thousands of cases we've seen [illegible] resulting in impoverished, falling hair, causing [illegible] and threatening baldness.

Men in uniform are especial sufferers. Tight-fitting hats and heavy steel helmets restrict circulation and start numerous hair troubles — unless you take care.

The treatment — for men and women alike — is rub in Silvikrin every day. If the hair is alive Silvikrin will grow hair. Silvikrin — the result of years of research by eminent specialists — is the hair's natural food. Silvikrin contains the [illegible] organic elements which the hair must have to produce healthy hair. To keep your hair healthy and regular hair tonic, start using Silvikrin today.

To prevent dandruff and falling hair — use Silvikrin Lotion — 1/-, 2/-, 3/-.

For severe cases use Pure Silvikrin — 6/- [illegible] month's supply.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores

FOR HIS THROAT

TROUBLE A TIN IN THE POCKET SAVES!

Allenburys

GLYCERINE & EUCALYPTUS

PASTILLES

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY 6½d. & 1/4

Through a dream that began in a smart office in Savile Row, Britain now gets "shot and shell" from the green arsenals guarded by picked troops

Britain Can Touch Wood!

● *Enlisted on the Home Front, lumberjacks have come from Newfoundland to fell trees in Britain's forests*

DEEP in the woods of Britain, soldiers are on sentry-go. They patrol the silent kingdom of the pine and birch, chestnut and oak. Sometimes they mount guard on towers raised to treetop level.

In the clearings there are "anti-aircraft" guns and searchlights, which can sweep the clouds or be turned on the forest glades.

These hidden armies of the woods are safeguarding Britain's green arsenals.

They are awaiting the saboteur, who might try to set at naught the work and growth of twenty years.

They will have a dynamic welcome for any enemy flyer with a cargo of incendiary bombs who may try to set woodlands aflame.

Britain's forests have become as vital as Woolwich Arsenal.

They are no less well guarded.

The military authorities have reinforced the fire-fighting patrols of the Forestry Commission. Picked troops, trained in forest lore, have been on special duty since September.

Timber is a prime war necessity.

From this strange modern world Britain derives basic cellulose, alcohol and high explosive. Gun-cotton, cordite and acetone are off-shoots of the friendly tree. From its branches comes the "anti-freeze dope" that has enabled British aircraft to make their remarkable flights over Germany.

FROM its pulp comes paper for the leaflets for the bombardment of Berlin, the papier-mâché helmets of sappers under No Man's Land, the lining of shells and the bakelite controls of anything from whippet tank to interceptor.

Even the films used by R.A.F. flyers to photograph Hitler's fortifications were trees at one time.

Before the year ends, the Army alone will need 11,000,000 wooden packing-cases for the B.E.F., 1,000,000 chairs, 1,000,000 benches, 500,000 wooden beds, 400,000 tables and 40,000,000 feet of timber for trench props, duck-boards, lorries and railways.

One million trees are lost by fire in a normal year. So you can see why the Army is alert.

In the last war we cut down nearly 500,000 acres to feed the ravenous war machine. One tree in every three throughout the country fell to its needs.

You can't take 1,000,000,000,000 cubic feet of timber without seeing a gap. All the best pines swiftly disappeared. Yet as fast as trees were axed, others were planted.

From its smart lair in Savile Row, the Forestry Commission, under Sir Roy Robertson, has planted 50,000,000 trees a season, and created 1,100,000 acres of splendid forest.

Britain's green arsenals are again supplying munition materials at high pressure from the little woods of the Isle of Wight to the great deer forests in the prohibited mystery territory of northern Scotland.

Lumberjacks have come from Newfoundland to fell trees in Britain's forests.

They have created settlements with such picturesque Canadian names as Deer Lake and Corner Brook. Unemployed men (some of them outcasts from luxury trades) have been enrolled under their tutelage, to be trained in felling and limbering.

Hundreds of women of the W.L.A. have become "lumberjills" in the New Forest and the Forest of Dean.

HUNDREDS of apprentices are rapidly being trained at Benmore, in Argyllshire, for their part on the plantations.

Felling trees is a craft.

Planting fast-growing saplings is another.

The vast woodlands near Trelleck, in Monmouthshire, which won a prize not long ago as the best in the West, have been raised only to be felled in 1940.

In some of the forests-to-be in South Wales, saplings are so feeble that they have to be clamped to boards before planting.

Yet they grow to be the big guns of our green arsenals.

Scotch pines are being planted at the rate of 1,000 a day in Suffolk.

Merely a day's work to a woodsman.

Leafy arsenals have their own blast furnaces. Heat a single fir-cone in an oven, watch it swell and burst, and soon you will have seed enough for a hundred tons of timber in your fist. Timber rearmament!

Twenty million seedlings a year are brought to leaf in the Forestry Commission's nursery in Kincardine and sent to different parts of the country.

THAT is how 200 forests have been developed in Britain in twenty years.

New forests of tens of thousands of acres have been reared in the Thetford area, in Norfolk, and the Kielder plantations, in the Border country.

Gaunt hills have been recovered.

"Dust-bowls," once drifting to sand, have been restored.

If a dream that began in Savile Row comes true, we shall have 2,700,000 acres of forest land, and instead of a peace time import of £50,000,000 worth of timber a year, we shall have a self-sufficiency for all time.

In six months Britain will have a handsome reserve of timber. Huge supplies have been arriving from Russia, Canada and the Balkans. If any of these supplies should cease, we shall have ample resources.

We can touch wood where Hitler is concerned.

HOW I INCREASED MY WEIGHT

FROM 7 st. 8 lbs. TO 11 st. 4 lbs.

A soldier writes:—

IN A FORTNIGHT I WAS A DIFFERENT CHAP

"I was in Hospital when I saw your IRVONA advertisement and I **could hardly realise that it could be possible** for people to put on weight as it said. I started a 3 weeks' course and within a fortnight I felt a different chap. I continued taking the treatment for 3 months and I increased my weight from 7 st. 8 lbs. to 11 st. 4 lbs.

I would be pleased if you would print what I have said for the benefit of other people."

If you are a skinny, underweight man, experience yourself at once, how "IRVONA" will cover those bones with healthy flesh and muscle, fill out those hollows, smooth away those ugly angularities and make you well-moulded, shapely, well-proportioned and healthy.

BE PROUD OF YOUR FIGURE

WOMEN, TOO, PRAISE IRVONA *Brand* **NERVE AND BODY BUILDER**

Thanks to IRVONA, you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! No more need YOU be robbed of romance, popularity, success, pleasure and health by a skinny, scraggy frame! IRVONA will give you a Beautifully-Developed Bust, subtle curves and firmer lines which are the highest expressions of beauty.

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price from: **IRVONA (Dept. 29 R), 1, GREESE STREET, LONDON, W.1.** *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd. (These prices do not apply to Eire.)*

Race with "Silver Ring"

BIG race problems can often be best tackled before the position becomes confused by latest public trials, or by rumours of wonderful home gallops that are usually moonshine.

Sometimes "Park" tests in the spring show us a young horse of the right Aintree type, but in the main the winners of the many National "trials" in February and March merely confuse the serious backer.

Three months ago, I nominated some "New Year tips" for the season's big events. I suggested Titan or Hot Bun II for the Lincoln, and Kilstar for the Grand National, and those who stepped in early and took the long odds ought to be smiling now.

Don't neglect an opportunity to "hedge" your bets.

If you have 20 to 1 about Titan and 25 to 1 about Kilstar, you can lay off at tens to save your stake. Ten pounds to nothing is a better bet than £25 to £1.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 28, to Wednesday, April 3.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

J9396OM94Z would read CITADEL.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. W942VO would read PEERA.

Food Lay Like A Hard Ball In His Stomach! *Read This Letter:—*

"I suffered greatly with attacks of indigestion—I became depressed and had an utter aversion to any solid food. It seemed to lie in my stomach like a hard ball, causing me great pain and uneasiness. My stomach would often reject food for days, and, consequently, I soon became totally unfit for work. I was beginning to despair of ever improving when one day I decided to try Holloways Pills. The result can be told in a very few words: my symptoms entirely disappeared and I very soon found myself—literally speaking—a new man."

Woman Undergoes "Miraculous Change"

"With every feeling of gratitude I hasten to tell you that for a long period I suffered from violent griping, vomiting and extreme debility. After several treatments, which had no effect, I determined to take Holloways Pills. In a short time the pains ceased, and I regained health and strength, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the miraculous change . . ."

A "Marvel" At 85!!

"I thought I would like to tell you the benefit I have received from Holloways Pills, which I have taken for over 40 years. I am 85 years old, my health is good, also my sight. I can see to read and do sewing without any glasses. I can go out for a walk every day without the aid of a stick to do my own shopping. I have recommended Holloways Pills to all my friends, and they all say they are good . . ."

No one whose health is poor can afford to ignore such wonderful examples. If you suffer from Anæmia, Biliousness, Constipation, Debility, Headaches, Indigestion, Liver or Kidney Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Nerviness, Rheumatism or Sleeplessness—you should not hesitate to seek the grand health which comes from taking Holloways Brand Pills. Obtainable everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

A grand pipeful

You can afford to be generous to yourself with 'Digger' in your pipe. This fine Empire tobacco gives you a full, rich satisfying smoke and an ounce still shows you change out of a shilling.

11D AN OZ

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

FLAKE · SHAG · MIXTURE · PLUG · HONEY-DEW

P.D.77

ACID STOMACH

WIND, PAIN AND NAUSEA INSTANTLY RELIEVED

It is a remarkable fact that the entire medical profession regards 'Milk of Magnesia' as the ideal remedy for acid stomach. Doctors know that 'Milk of Magnesia' is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the system and its alkalizing effect is instantaneous. Acidity, wind, heartburn, nausea and indigestion vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' The stomach is soothed and strengthened and digestion is able to proceed in comfort. That sick, sour feeling and headache, caused by too much food, drink, smoke—'Milk of Magnesia' dispels like magic. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' and try it to-day; you'll be delighted. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/- 2/-, and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Detachable and reversible body leatherette cum. adjustable back rest, drop front, folding handle. Leatherette hood & apron. Interior lined cloth hood & apron. Interior lined leathercloth, loose cushion bed. Mudguards to match body. 10in. wheels. In Black, Navy, Wedgewood Blue, Green, Maroon, Beige, or Grey. 98/- or 8/- monthly. Catalogue Free.

8/ NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

READING MORNING PAPER
"Eggs up - bacon up - butter up - what do they think they are? Barrage Balloons?"
Well, there's one thing about the blackout - we'll save a little money by not gadding about so much!"
"That's all you know about it! Everything I buy seems to cost more now"
ON THE BUS (WOMAN IN FRONT)
"No - it's not gone up. And the doctor said there was the food value of two eggs in every cupful of it if you make it with milk... Yes... BOURNVILLE cocoa. That's right"
"THINKS... ???"

THE SAME EVENING
"Hey, what's this Mrs. Extravagance? BOURNVILLE cocoa's grand, but can we afford extras just now?"
Wrong again Mr. Know-All. With BOURNVILLE COCOA you get 3d. worth of food for 1½d. It's still only 6d. a quarter pound"
"Well, we haven't saved through the blackout, but we have through BOURNVILLE COCOA. Look at this - a housekeeping BALANCE now, and we all live like fighting cocks, too!"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE BY CADBURYS

Still at Peace-time price

6D PER QTR LB 11D PER HALF LB

"CLEAN GRATES this easy way"

(A short interview with Mrs. Jarrett of Bloomsbury, London)

TAKE A TIN OF ZEBO LIQUID GRATE POLISH AND A BRUSH OR CLOTH
POUR SOME ZEBO ON TO THE BRUSH OR CLOTH, THEN GIVE THE GRATE AND THE SIDES OF THE FIREBACK A QUICK RUB OVER!
HAS THAT GRATE EVER SPARKLED LIKE THAT BEFORE? NO! AND THERE'S NO MESS OR BOTHER WHEN YOU CLEAN GRATES THE ZEBO WAY

AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is *economical*—you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your dealer today? Give your own grates a rich, new gloss!

4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin

MODERN HOUSEWIVES ARE USING

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

TO REMOVE HAIR

Without Razors, Electric Needles or Smelly Depilatories

Amazing new discovery! A dainty, white fragrant cream. Apply it straight from the tube. Wash off with plain water. Every trace of hair is gone! Skin is left soft, white and smooth as velvet. No stubble like the razor leaves. No coarse regrowth. Sold everywhere under Trademark New "VEET." Razors only make hair grow faster and coarser. The quick, easy pleasant way to end your superfluous hair troubles for ever is with New "VEET." At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

Make this 3 MINUTE *TEST*

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

196

"JOHN BULL'S" BIG NEW X-WORD OFFER

PENSION, CASH LUXURY DINNERS and BONUSES

£20 WEEKLY for LIFE and £100 Cash

FINE 2-in-1 FIRST or LUMP SUM of £350

For Up To 250 RUNNERS-UP — PRIZES OF SAUSAGES and 5lb. SURREY FOWLS

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP and WAR SAVINGS BONUS WITH EVERY PRIZE

A FINE Pension-plus-Cash Prize awaits the competitor who beats his rivals in this week's entertaining Crossword—it can be you!

Supporting this attractive 2-in-1 First Prize, "John Bull" offers Runners-up Awards of up to 250 Luxury Dinners of plump Surrey Fowls with sausages; further, in addition to unlimited Surprise Awards for those who just miss a bigger prize, there is a National Savings Bonus with every award won in this contest.

Get busy now and win that Bumper First!

YOUR FREE PRIVILEGE. Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Offer of Cash and Free Family Rations, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Finding this of old ruined temple is quite a feat
3. One may dodge back when trying to pass this
5. Kiddies have a great game, playing on one
7. Industrious little insects
10. In course of manufacturing it may be advisable to test this
12. Flowers are very apt to wither quickly in this
14. Rarely waits to fight when dog suddenly appears
15. Stage fright may well make young actress unable to do this
18. Repetition of sound
20. Dieting is this, if it's done just to be in the fashion
21. One is sometimes required for relief

DOWN CLUES.

1. May possibly look very ugly when cut
2. Tavern
4. Such energy is much appreciated by employer
6. Borrowers may possibly run through these at lending library to get just what they want
8. Bookworm would appreciate being given this to read
9. Many people have to get their daily bread by this
11. Being told there were lots of these about would be inclined to upset nervous people in black-out
12. Illuminated one in shop window may catch passer's eye
13. Wooden one won't carry enormous weight
16. What people sometimes do by artificial light
17. Having this on one's mind is apt to be depressing
19. Divide with knife

FREE GIFTS
FOR CROSSWORDER—SEE PAGE 35

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 196th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who, one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, April 18. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 196, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Postal Order must be enclosed or Stamps affixed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, April 6, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL, on sale Thursday, April 18. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 196. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions, and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry-fee. Stamps may be affixed if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

23.....

Mark X in this square if you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps. ☐

2 FINE CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 193.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 193, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following two competitors:—

R. FRASER, 4, Ayr St., Glasgow, N.

A. HENDERSON, Ingleside, The Mount, Shrewsbury.

These competitors share the First Prize of £300, and a cheque for £150 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 23 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of one wrong, less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £4 7s. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 221 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

Every prize-winner will also receive a National Savings Bonus as announced.

WINNING SQUARE

S	O	A	P	■
M	O	L	E	■
R	A	T	I	O
I	L	L	B	E
L	A	X	■	R

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—3. MOLE. 5. RATIO. 6. DIE. 8. BEST. 9. LAX. 12. GIN. 13. DAIL. 17. COPY. 20. HALO. 21. BENT. 22. BED.
DOWN.—1. SMILE. 2. PAL. 3. MILE. 4. JET. 7. ISLE. 10. PLAN. 11. MULE. 14. FEAT. 15. SPICE. 16. ALONE. 18. BAN. 19. FAT.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

Voice of the People

SUGAR ration is ¾ lb. a week for each person, which is 39 lb. each a year, and the price of white granulated sugar—the kind chiefly used—is 4½d. a pound.

An odd ¼ lb. costs 3½d. because a farthing cannot be split. Thus, when I buy ¾ lb. of sugar weekly I pay in a year 6½d. more than the controlled price for my sugar. I must have the ¾ lb. each week or none at all, because I am not allowed to save my coupons and have 1½ lb. the next week.

An extra 6½d. in fifty-two weeks may not sound much—till the matter is considered carefully. Wherever there is an odd member in a household—such as in families of one, three, five, seven, and so on—that extra 6½d. is paid to a grocer.

If the grocer happens to be a multiple store with a thousand customers registered for sugar he makes an extra £27 1s. 8d. a year out of that little oddity.

Is this profit, profiteering—or just business?—Miss H. Mason, 10, Wyngate Drive, Leicester.

WHAT ABOUT IT, MR. W. S. MORRISON?

Not To-day, Thank You

IGNORANCE of the more important things of life is appalling, even in these "enlightened" days.

As an air raid warden, I had to call at a house to ask the family how many gas masks they had.

"Two upstairs, one in the kitchen and a gas copper," replied the woman who opened the door.

Feeling there was some mistake, I asked the question again.

"We don't want any to-day, thank you," she said, and shut the door.—R. W. Appleton, Pannal Ash Road, Harrogate.

Army Wives Robbed

TEN minutes after collecting it at Ruislip (Middlesex) Post Office, my wife was robbed of her Army allowance and with it the £3 month's allowance from the firm employing me in peace time.

Wives of three other men in my unit have also had their allowances stolen in this way, after leaving post offices.

These thefts are being carried out on a big scale by women. They know young mothers must take their babies with them. They know, too, how women hide treasures beneath a perambulator coverlet "for safety." So soldiers', sailors' and airmen's wives—take care! —Private C. H., "Somewhere in the Midlands."

Epidemic of such thefts is particularly severe around London.

Not So Sheltered

TO judge from the neglect you see in some places, it would seem that we are becoming too complacent about the possibility of air raids.

In a local park one of the trench shelters had a sandbagged post near the entrance. The sandbags rotted and fell across the trench entrance, and have lain in that position for the last five weeks, blocking the entrance to the shelter.

No effort has been made by the authorities to remove the obstruction. In an air raid the public would have no access to a shelter dug at their expense. —W. B. Balon, Quex Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

Waste Oil Used

MIGHT I answer the correspondent who asks if any use can be made of the oil from his car which is called "waste oil"?

The firm by which I am employed always use this oil in the making of colliery grease.

Save your waste oil and maybe you will save one of our tankers a trip to the Home Front with fuel oil for grease factories.—R. Swinney (Grease Maker), Fordfield Road, Ford Estate, Sunderland.

Canals Would Help

THERE are 3,825 miles of inland waterways in Great Britain, and the majority of our canals idle, desolate and derelict. Last year Germany—obviously with her eye on a war—set in motion her own reorganisation at a cost of many millions.

Make our canals useful—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Great Britain's inland waterways are about 2,750 miles in extent, and within recent years £1,500,000 has been spent by the amalgamated canal companies in repairs and alterations to accommodate larger types of canal boat.

Women as Hitlers!

AS a one-time W.A.A.C. (last war equivalent of the A.T.S.) I was delighted to read a famous general's criticisms of women officers in various services.

Most members of my sex have one delight in taking commissioned rank, the glory of being surrounded by domestic servants whom they can work when and how they like without any fear of being given notice.

Army, Navy and Air Force officers aim at leadership. The majority of women are Hitlers at heart (it is the feminine in Hitler that makes him what he is) and aim at dictatorship.

Apart from a nucleus of women officers (necessary for obvious reasons), our "women's armies" should be officered by men.—Mrs. A. C., Rayners Lane, Harrow, Middlesex.

French women do all their war work in natty civilian costumes, because they refuse to serve under women, and because they only appreciate uniforms when their husbands or boy friends are dressed in them.

Save the Ploughman

FARMERS in this district have complained that workers were leaving the farms to go to better paid jobs in local government works.

And farmers know that there would be a lot more workers leaving the farms if it were not for their houses being reserved only for farm workers.

If the Government can afford to pay a decent wage to men in factories, why can't they guarantee the ploughmen, playing an equally important part in the conduct of the war, a decent standard of living? Until our ploughmen are given something more than promises there will always be a scarcity.—H. Edwards, Upper Wellheads, Limekilns, by Dunfermline.

Free Travel Plea

MY nephew, home on leave from the Royal Navy, tells me that any man in any of the three fighting Services, provided he is in uniform, is allowed to travel free on tramcars and omnibuses in Glasgow.

The men appreciate it because the bawbees saved in fares help in buying an extra packet of cigarettes—or stamps to write home.

Why can't London follow Glasgow's splendid example?—B. McLeod, Glen Road, Plaistow, London, E.13.

Any concession helping the men who make it possible for cities to run tramcars and omnibuses would be very welcome.

In Your Garden *by Richard Sudell*

Starting the Rot!

IF you make a heap of straw, it will turn brown inside without decomposing, but if a little sulphate of ammonia (or nitro chalk) is added it will decompose into manure.

This is the principle underlying the creation of compost. If it were applied by all gardeners millions of pounds' worth of fertiliser would be saved in a year. Every garden should have its compost pit, constructed in an out-of-the-way corner.

It can either be screened by evergreen Lonicera nitida, a shrub forming a compact hedge, or a double row of Jerusalem artichokes, if every square foot is required for food production.

The compost pit for an allotment or small garden, about four by six feet, should be dug eighteen inches deep, and the sides lined with bricks or concrete.

All grass clippings, hedge trimmings, unused vegetable trimmings from the kitchen, tea leaves, and all organic waste should be thrown into the pit. When the material is six inches deep it should be dusted with sulphate of ammonia to start the rot process.

Turn the heap on a rainy day, stacking it more compactly; by the end of the summer there should be a supply of rich organic material, equivalent to good farmyard manure.

Cabbage stalks should be chopped with a spade to assist decay.

There is no need to burn any vegetable matter, even stalks of delphiniums and other flowers may be added to the heap.

If the weather is dry when adding material, a thorough wetting is necessary. An occasional dusting of lime (an ounce to the square yard) is also helpful.

This compost can be used should you require material for digging into the ground at any time during the summer. Spread it on the surface two or three inches thick to be forked in lightly. In three months fresh organic material will become rich brown manure.

It is a good plan to have an extra dustbin in the backyard for vegetable matter rejected by the kitchen to be emptied once a week into the compost pit.

This is not only a means of collecting fertiliser for your garden, but also it saves the cost of collection by local councils.

"24/- A WEEK ISN'T MUCH FOR 4 OF US THESE DAYS"

says Mrs. Howe of Ilford

War or no war, those hungry mouths still want more! Tap-dancer Isobel looks a picture of health, doesn't she?

HER WAR-TIME 'HOUSEKEEPING' WORKS OUT LIKE THIS

	£	s.	d.
Rent	1	5	0
Insurance		4	6
Coal		2	6
Clothes		2	0
Gas and Electricity		3	0
Food	1	4	0
Dad's expenses		4	0
	£3	5	0

Mrs. Howe has found how to face rationing. Now all her family get more nourishment since she discovered that

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"YOU'VE got to work things out pretty fine when prices keep going up," says Mrs. Howe, "and even then, with 25/- a week going out on rent, it's all you can do to manage!

"But my youngsters keep bonny enough, bless 'em. And eat! — why, the young wretches have got appetites nearly as big as their Dad's. Isobel, who's 11, tap-dances and roller skates, and is always on the go! No wonder she gets hungry — she never rests!

"That's why I'm glad I found out about Rowntree's Cocoa being 'pre-digested.' It's really amazing, the difference in the way the food pans out since we've had Rowntree's. Rowntree's Cocoa with meals helps *all* their food to digest better and so makes every morsel they eat go further."

* * *

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD, made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it helps people to digest their other food more *quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more nourishment out of their meals — put on *extra* bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS RICH IN COCOA BUTTER. This high fat-content — not present in other well-known beverages — is particularly important at this time, when mothers of families are faced with butter rationing.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA HAS A LOVELY, RICH CHOCOLATY FLAVOUR. Half a teaspoonful makes one cup — so it's more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. And, because it's "pre-digested," when taken before bed, Rowntree's not only warms you but also helps your supper to "go down better," so that you get deeper, sounder sleep.

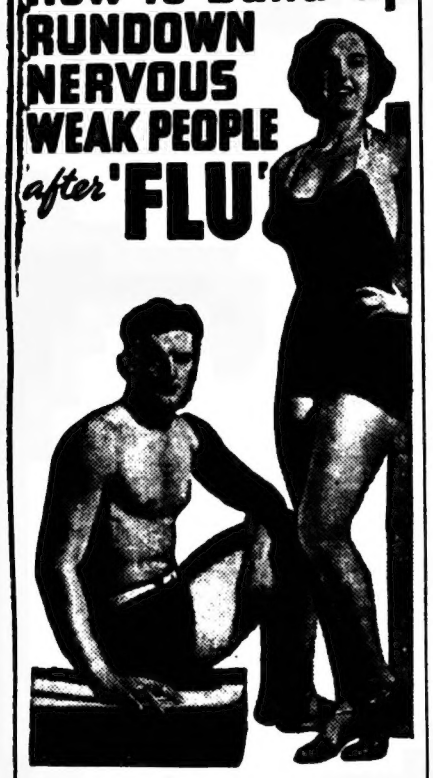
*

The youngsters! Isobel and Jim, Mrs. Howe's two young wonders! Who would guess that Isobel was only 11?

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

Still at pre-war prices— 6d. quarter lb., 11d. half lb.

How to Build up RUNDOWN NERVOUS WEAK PEOPLE after 'FLU'



Why has "Flu" left you weak, run-down, depressed? Simply because it has sapped essential Minerals and Food Iodine.
Now there is a way to replace these precious elements in your body. A recently discovered sea plant has been found to contain, *in natural form*, IRON, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, SULPHUR, together with 5 other essential Minerals and FOOD IODINE, and an abundance of Vitamin B. This plant—the world's richest source of these substances—is concentrated and comes to you as "Vikelp." Start "re-fuelling" your system with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Note the definite results. Gradually you build up—become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You tingle with new-found health, strength and energy.

FREE. *Send today for free 50-page booklet "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Send a postcard to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.2, 128-134, Baker Street, London, W.1.*

Vikelp is now available in 2 forms—Small CONCENTRATED tablets to swallow and large FLAVOURED tablets to eat. Your chemist has both.

VIKELP MINERAL VITAMIN TABLETS

DO YOU TAKE SALTS?

Here's a pinch that is as good as a pound

MANY of the laxatives you buy contain only a small proportion of actual *salts* — very often they're mostly sugar, or sweet coating or fizzy powder. But Kruschen Salts consist of six important salts blended carefully *in exactly the right proportions*. Maybe we sacrifice something by giving you the pure mineral salts without adding any flavouring ingredients but we believe in following modern medical practice, which concentrates a medicine in small, compact and easily absorbed doses. That's why you only need take enough Kruschen to cover a sixpence. It's the economical way of taking salts, too.

Another thing to remember about Kruschen — it doesn't achieve its result by irritating or inflaming the colon. It attracts the moisture to the colon which is absolutely essential if you wish to avoid constipation, and achieve easy evacuation. You can get Kruschen from all chemists, 1/9, 1/- and 6d.

THE LAST LAUGH!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE DURSLEY GAZETTE:—"... over 150 took the FLOOD to music played by the band."

IRELAND'S OWN:—"A priest, a RABBIT and a Protestant pastor offer brief devotions."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"He began life as a humble PHEASANT, but has risen higher and higher."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"In her hull is a hole through which a BUSH could be driven."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"... the doctor said he had better give her chloroform and she lost CONSCIENTIOUSNESS."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"... there was a reception at the bride's home before the NEARLY married couple left for the honeymoon."

MOLLY (Slough).—"After all, most women work hard for their husbands." Yes, and never cease till they get them.

J. M. (Heywood).—"What possibly can be said in favour of long engagements?" Some might argue that they shorten married life.

F. N. (Nottingham).—"We have had gas bags on our buses for some time." It's the same in London. We try not to listen to them.

W. M. (Neath).—"We housewives are helping to win this war by making sacrifices." Yes, but need they be burnt ones and dished up as a meal?

MRS. K. F. (Winchester).—"My husband won't listen to reason." He ought to be ashamed of himself. Not every married man has the chance.

R. D. (Buxton).—"We had to cancel our annual dance because the roads were too slippery for anything." But why on earth do you want to dance in the roads?

FINANCIER (London, E.C.).—"No doubt you've heard a great deal about me." Yes, but don't worry—we can't prove it.

ACTOR (Hammersmith).—"I've just got a part in a new play. I am supposed to be a man who has been married twenty years." Never mind. They'll probably give you a speaking part later on.

M. B. (Runcorn).—"I am thinking of mowing and rolling my lawn this week-end. Do you consider it is too early to do so?" No, it is never too early to think of doing it.

MISS W. (Wolverhampton).—"After my sentimental song there was a rush outside on the part of many men, and even when they came back they were furtively wiping their eyes." And their mouths?

G. B. (Swansea).—"I once lived in a cave on the top of a mountain." All the year round or just for the spring cleaning?

MISS Y. (Hounslow).—"What rot it is always to describe the bride as blushing'" No, it isn't—when you consider what the bridegroom often looks like in church.

D. N. C. (Frome).—"I am a believer in numerology and I know the significance of Hitler's number." So do we. It's up.

G. B. (Manchester).—"As a small boy I climbed to the top of a church steeple." Your worried parents must have wondered what you would get up to next.

TENOR (Morden).—"Every singer has little mannerisms. For instance, what do you think I do every time I finish a song?" Duck?

JESSIE (Catford).—"The man I marry must be a hero." But you're not as unattractive as all that, are you, Jessie?

F. N. (Barnes).—"My husband keeps me awake by talking in his sleep." We'll bet he does!

V. S. (Brixton).—"The manager of one of my shops took offence at my remarks and walked out on me the other day." Told you to mind your own business?

A. L. (Milford).—"As I sat on the balcony with my fiancée, I decided that I had grown tired of her." So you threw her over?

R. M. (Hitchin).—"One can always while away the black-out hours by inviting the neighbours in for a friendly game of cards." Failing that, there's always Bridge, of course.

F. M. (Rugby).—"I have decided to camouflage my house so that it is practically invisible from the air." But, unfortunately, bill-collectors and vacuum-cleaner salesmen come by road.

C. P. (Barking).—"Since my wife's been keeping chickens I've grown thoroughly sick of eggs." Hard luck, but chickens won't lay anything else.

E. E. (Esher).—"A Nazi broadcaster recently said that Germany is master of the seas around Britain." Perhaps he accounts for the presence of the B.E.F. in France to a secret Channel tunnel?

G. B. (Carlisle).—"She was engaged to a professional footballer but broke it off." Match abandoned.

H. T. (Ilford).—"There's no catch in this. An oriental vase, valued at five guineas, I am now prepared to sell for a shilling." Go on—we'll buy it!

GARDENER (Bognor).—"What's better than a drop of rain for a parched and dusty soil?" A darned good downpour!

R. M. (Bury).—"You sometimes see undersized and insignificant sort of men with two or three stripes up, but what, in most cases, does the tall, handsome and athletic recruit have on his arm?" The pick of the local girls.

MAC (Somewhere in England).—"I was made a full corporal yesterday." Who treated you?

FLOSSIE (Plymouth).—"I have no use for the hero who poses." You prefer the one who proposes?

VETERAN (Crewe).—"I've fought in three wars so far, but what have I ever got out of them?" Alive.

J. Mc. (Glasgow).—"I see that a book on thrift is being advertised." And you agreed with the author by not buying it?

B. S. (Honiton).—"I'm glad it's not the fashion nowadays to wear a watch with a dress suit." Because you rarely possess both at the same time?

B. M. (Newmarket).—"Believe me, we bookmakers cannot afford to make mistakes these days." Still, you welcome a few slips, don't you?

"Bullets" Illustrated

OUR GROCER:—*"Sphinx" To Our Winks.*

THE KID By LEES

K. F. (Northampton).—"I recently completed fifty years of mattress-making in a Midlands bedding factory." Nobody could have done more towards combating the world's unrest.

MISS F. (Devizes).—"I told the chemist I wanted some soap, and he at once started enlarging on what he called my 'peach-bloom complexion.'" Did you tell him it wasn't soft soap you wanted?

AMERICAN VISITOR (Mayfair).—"Some of the public halls in the States are so large that it is possible to sit in them and not hear the speaker." Unfortunately, we are not so well catered for in this country.

RECRUIT (Colchester).—"I missed my early cup of tea in bed, but, then, what can I do?" You might try buying your sergeant-major an alarm clock.

T. P. (Rottingdean).—"I suppose you would call me a financial genius." You earn money faster than your wife can spend it?

R. T. (Frimley).—"How often do you read of a man dying from pneumonia got by watching a football match in the rain?" Only once.

MRS. T. (Morden).—"I will not allow my children to stand too close to the loud-speaker." Quite right. We noticed the other day that one of the announcers seemed to have an awful cold.

R. N. (Thetford).—"I am patriotic enough to want to grow more food, but, I ask you, what will an allotment of clay soil, situated in a damp position, produce?" Mud!

R. V. (Wells).—"I heard several sharp knocks, and when I eventually peered through the curtains I saw it was the rate-collector. And what do you think he had been banging on the door for?" About half an hour?

R. B. (Yalding).—"I wonder why some people keep their wireless going from early morning till late at night?" Probably because they are asleep the rest of the time.

FAT CHEQUES *and* FREE FAMILY RATIONS!

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE **£200** CASH PLUS Your Family's **BUTTER, BACON and SUGAR FREE for 12 MONTHS**

Win Your **BUTTER. BACON & SUGAR** *for* **1940!**

£20 PLUS £10 PLUS £5 PLUS £4 PLUS £3 PLUS YEARS *Family* RATIONS Providing maximum Butter, Bacon and Sugar for up to 4 persons, through usual Retailer.

10 of £2·10

200 SURPRISE AWARDS OF 5/-

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

THIS WAY TO WIN CASH-PLUS-RATIONS!

YOUR family's full ration of butter, bacon and sugar free of charge for 12 months, with £200 cash to provide all the luxuries you need as well as a nest-egg for the future—that is JOHN BULL's practical war-time First Prize for a *Bullet* this week. And the other chief prize-winners in this contest are also to benefit by useful Cash-plus-Rations Awards.

Within the next half-hour you can make up a *Bullet* which may well bring you any of the 2,216 prizes which must be won, thus entitling you also to a National Savings Bonus.

To make a **BULLET, simply add Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the EXAMPLES below.**

The winning *Bullets* in our 1,211th Contest on this page will help you on the road to success—but you can get there only if you make sure your entry is post-marked on or before **Saturday, April 6.**

N.B.—Don't miss the **additional £20** Opportunity announced below your coupon for this Contest.

ONE WEEK ONLY!

10,000 SAVINGS STAMPS FREE for "BULLETEERS"

To help your war-time saving "John Bull" has secured 10,000 official War Savings Stamps, to be distributed FREE amongst "Bullets" Prize-winners. Look out for YOUR first stamp with ANY prize won in this Contest.

'BULLETS' 1,211 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200:
W. GRAY, 8, Mulgrave Road, West Hartlepool.

Example: THREAT TO CIVILISATION.
Bullet: "MEET"—OR SAY "GOOD-BYE"!

SECOND PRIZE £20:
J. PAULLEY, 12, High Street, Tooting, S.W.
Example: Falling In.
Bullet: Empire's Walls? Empire's "Bricks"!

THIRD PRIZE £10:
N. J. FISHLOCK, 88, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Example: With A Powerful Air.
Bullet: Arm Liberty's "Torch" Upheld.

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: W. B. YOUNG, 148, Green Lane, Norbury, S.W.
Helps Hitler—Quitters Crying, "Cry Quits!"

£4: T. H. WALTERS, 101, Manselton Road, Manselton, Swansea.
With A Hungry Air—Watching Factory "Swallow" Mates.

£3: L. JACKSON, 1, East Avenue, Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Disillusioned—Germany—Britannia *"Dusting" Right.*

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

G. M. ADAMS, 13, Southfield Road, Oxford.
All Over The Village—Electric Cables—Not Appliances!

Miss N. DUNCAN, 117, Sleigh Drive, Craigentinny, Edinburgh.
Peace And Plenty—Couple "Passing Under Sword."

Mrs. E. GIBBONS, 81, Eardley Road, Streatham, S.W.
Judging From Her Face—Sonny—Her *Hands*, Mother.

T. H. HILL, 129, Buckland Avenue, Dover.
All Over The Village—Chasing Laundry, Inside Goat!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. HILLYARD, 9, Marler Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
Helps Hitler—Towards "Shipwreck," Your "Oar."

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE
OUT OF THE WAR
ALL THE WORLD
GOERING FEARS
ACT OF KINDNESS
WHY SHE CRIED
PUT OUT | LAST PAYMENT
BAD SHOT | UP TO NOW
RETREATING | OUR DESTINY
WHEN EMPTY | GETS MY GOAT
HE'S A NAZI, SO
LONELY SOLDIER
DAD'S DIGGING FOR VICTORY, BUT
RAGS AND BONES
CARRIED AWAY
MAN IN THE BACKGROUND

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO DEFEND .....
IF WE .....
WHEN ... LAUGHED
RISKING .....
REMEMBERING .....
UNCLE SAM'S .....

Mrs. V. LILLIG, 32, Best View, Shiney Row, Co. Durham.
Peace And Plenty—Of Washing-up—Missus Away!

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Threat To Civilisation—Found In Finn "Downed."

E. PEARSON, 19, Sandileigh Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.
Defying God—And Man, Godless Madman.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

E. ROWLAND, "Maple House," North Hykeham, Lincoln.
How The Trouble Started—Over Berlin, Pilot Revoked!

R. E. RUSHTON, 225, Queen Street, Chasetown, Walsall, Staffs.
If War Lasts 10 Years—Churchill's Smile Behind *Cigarette!*

List of 10 winners of £2, 10 of 30s., 10 of £1, 20 of 10s. and 200 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

FREE SAVINGS STAMPS FOR PRE-PAID VOUCHER APPLICANTS

APPLY ON THIS COUPON—VALID UNTIL MONDAY, APRIL 15

APART from distribution of Savings Stamps with this week's *Bullets* and Crossword Prizes, JOHN BULL will present UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS to readers applying on this coupon for Prepaid Entry Vouchers, taking place of P.O. or stamps as entry-fee.

With FIVE 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 2s. 6d.—ONE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFT.
With TEN 6d. VOUCHERS, cost 5s.—TWO NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP GIFTS.

Simply enclose this coupon with *Bullets* or Crossword entry, deleting unwanted line below—write "FREE GIFT" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

I enclose { Additional 2s. 6d. for 5 6d. VOUCHERS plus 1 FREE SAVINGS STAMP.
Additional 5s. for 10 6d. VOUCHERS plus 2 FREE SAVINGS STAMPS.

NAME

ADDRESS

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only four attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

WIN WITH THIS NEW EASY-to-ENTER COUPON for 1, 2, 3 or 4 'BULLETS'

You MUST complete this LABEL to ensure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sat., Apr. 20. **MARK X here....** If you do not already possess a red Collecting Book for National Savings Stamps.

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....
—Clear Block Letters

.....
28

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.

P.O. value.....

No.....

Closing postmark (1,215) SAT., APR. 6

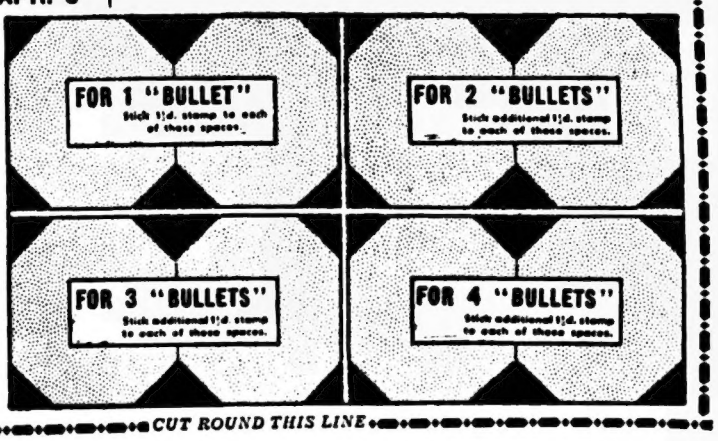
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

STAMPS ENTRY-FEE

If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O.—in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted.

N.B.—Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 32, may be enclosed with BULLETS: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.


FOR 1 "BULLET"
Stick 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.
FOR 2 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.
FOR 3 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.
FOR 4 "BULLETS"
Stick additional 1½d. stamp to each of these spaces.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

£20 EXTRA

CASH BONUSES for BEST SETS of 4 BULLETS"

The 10 entrants for this Contest whose sets of FOUR "BULLETS" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive ADDITIONAL £2 CASH.

Don't miss this fine new Opportunity!

Extra entries on plain paper will be accepted at same rate of entry-fee.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,215, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

JUST think how smart you'll look in your new Spring outfit if you're slim—and how much healthier and fitter you'll feel if you 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of nightly Bile Beans.

Slenderness can be yours without strict dieting or tiresome exercises if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed will tone you up, purify your blood and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start now on the sure way to health and slenderness—the Bile Beans way. You'll feel better in yourself, and soon notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel weary or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim, and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H.H., Middlesbrough.

★ ★ ★

"I bless the day that I tried Bile Beans, for since taking them regularly I have reduced by 11 pounds and my bust measurement is three inches less. Bile Beans have given me new energy and I look and feel ever so well."—Mrs. I.D., Mansfield.

By Taking BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS Regularly At Bedtime

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